

A
A
0
0
0
4
7
5
4
8
5
9



UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



THE LIBRARY
OF
THE UNIVERSITY
OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES

1
Frank H. Tipt

From Aug-

Dec 25th 1866.

$\frac{\sqrt{29d}}{19d}$









The Island Wharf.

See page 94

ERNEST;

OR,

NO HUMBUG.

Lying lips are abomination to the Lord: but they that deal truly are his delight.—Prov. xii, 22.

FOUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

New York:

PUBLISHED BY CARLTON & PORTER,

SUNDAY-SCHOOL UNION, 200 MULBERRY-STREET.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1864, by

CARLTON & PORTER,

in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for
the Southern District of New York.

P27
A1E7i

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. HOW RACHEL IS FOUND.....	7
II. ERNEST PROTECTS RACHEL.....	33
III. ERNEST'S NEW FATHER.....	63
IV. GOING HOME.....	85
V. THE FIRST WALK.....	104
VI. THE WRECK.....	131
VII. CAPTAIN LEE'S STORY.....	147
VIII. THE BOY'S RAFT.....	181
IX. DISOBEDIENCE PUNISHED.....	200
X. NO HUMBUG.....	229

Illustrations.

THE ISLAND WHARF.....	2
RACHEL INTRODUCED TO FAITH.....	52
ERNEST AND THE MINNOW.....	126
OUT ON THE RAFT.....	224

622823

REVIEWS

The first volume of the series is a history of the English language from the earliest times to the present day. It is a work of great interest and value, and one which every student of the English language should read. The second volume is a history of the English literature from the earliest times to the present day. It is a work of great interest and value, and one which every student of the English literature should read. The third volume is a history of the English language and literature from the earliest times to the present day. It is a work of great interest and value, and one which every student of the English language and literature should read.

The fourth volume is a history of the English language and literature from the earliest times to the present day. It is a work of great interest and value, and one which every student of the English language and literature should read. The fifth volume is a history of the English language and literature from the earliest times to the present day. It is a work of great interest and value, and one which every student of the English language and literature should read.

The sixth volume is a history of the English language and literature from the earliest times to the present day. It is a work of great interest and value, and one which every student of the English language and literature should read. The seventh volume is a history of the English language and literature from the earliest times to the present day. It is a work of great interest and value, and one which every student of the English language and literature should read.

ERNEST;
OR,
N O H U M B U G.

CHAPTER I.

HOW RACHEL IS FOUND.

WASHINGTON-STREET in Boston was very much thronged one bright fall morning. There were private carriages of every kind, omnibuses, cars, the great horses with the cumbersome drays for which the city is celebrated, express wagons, store wagons, men with very large loads on their backs, wheelbarrows, hand-carts, besides a variety of nondescript vehicles which classed nowhere. Police offi-

cers were very busy protecting the crossings, ordering on the drivers when the carelessness of one made a stop in the otherwise ceaseless flow, arranging disputes, and, in a general manner, preserving a quiet order amid this Babel of confusion.

On the sidewalks the stream of life never ebbed, never for a moment seemed to pause, but on it went, up and down, down and up, as if it never could end. It was almost like a general holiday. The sunlight was so bright, the sky so blue, the air so clear, everybody seemed to have come out dressed in their best to enjoy it, and to be doing what they had come for.

At the corner of one of the thoroughfares, about noon, the crowd began to stop, and, as usual on such

occasions, it grew very rapidly larger and larger, until the police were attracted, and might be seen from all parts of the street making their way toward it. It was a noiseless gathering; there was no bustle or confusion; not a voice was heard; the whole mass seemed to be either looking or attempting to look at something that was still and harmless.

"What is it?" asked a lady, who was driving by, of her coachman. The man stopped his horses, raised himself on his seat until he could look over the heads of the crowd, and then said,

"I don't see anything but a little girl."

"Is she hurt?"

"I don't know; she is sitting on the steps of a store with a basket."

“Is she a poor child?”

“All rags and dirt, ma’am,” replied the coachman, after taking another look. “She has an old shawl pinned over her head, and a great cut over her eye—it has been bleeding. I dare say she fell and hurt herself, and that is what has drawn the crowd.”

“Look again, John ; what kind of a child is she?”

“I can’t tell, ma’am, she is so dirty ; but she looks savage like, as if she were a dog, and would fly at them and bite them if any one tried to touch her. There, now, I thought so. A man went up to her and she struck at him with a stick. Don’t you hear her !”

The lady heard a low growl like an angry dog’s, ending in a sharp, quick scream, and the coachman said,

"I wonder what they want to plague her for; she would go her own way well enough if they would let her alone. There are the police. How her eyes flash. I should think she was crazy, or had been drinking."

"Shocking, John; can't you speak to a policeman?"

John readily called one, who came respectfully to the carriage.

"What child is this?" the lady asked.

"Don't know, ma'am. As far as I can judge it is one who has set down there because she is too tired to go any further, and the crowd have fretted her until she is well nigh crazy. But the officers have got to her now, and she will soon be taken care of."

The man touched his hat and was

going away, when the lady called him back.

"My name is Mrs. Tilton. I live No. —, — street. Let me have that child, I will take care of her."

Mrs. Tilton was the wife of an eminent merchant in the city; the officer knew him well, so he said,

"I will inquire more about it and let you know."

"Be as quick as you can, and be sure you bring the child; here is something for you," and she slipped a bright dollar into his hand.

In the mean time the constant and peculiar screams of the child filled the air, and drew to the spot a larger and a larger crowd. Mrs. Tilton's horses became restless, and were ordered a few steps further on. Here again they soon required a man at their

heads to restrain them, and Mrs. Tilton was beginning to fear she must go and leave the child to her fate, when she saw the policeman with whom she had spoken holding the child in his firm, strong hands on his shoulder above the heads of the crowd, she striking him on his hat, on his face, or anywhere that she could aim a direct and hard blow. Her shawl had dropped off during the struggle, and now, twisted around her neck, let a large head of dark hair down to fly in every direction. Her eyes looked so wild and terror-stricken, and her face was so deathly pale, that Mrs. Tilton involuntarily closed her own eyes to shut the sight out; but still the screams continued and the crowd becoming excited, were beginning to be noisy too, when the man,

aided by two others, who made way for him, reached the carriage, and, without any further ceremony, put the child in. Springing in himself, the officer said, apologetically,

“Tell your man to drive quickly out of the way, we can then see what it means.”

At this moment came shouts of “Stop! stop!”

“Stop!” said the officer authoritatively, and John once more drew up his horses.

“Take this,” said another officer, handing in the basket, which the child had been obliged to drop; “it may be a clue as to who and what she is.”

John took it on the outside of the carriage, and once more drove on.

As soon as he had taken his seat, the police officer had lifted the child

in his lap, and was holding her with a strength which he would have used on a much larger person; but she had been so violent he did not dare to lessen his hold for fear she would attempt to spring away. She sat upright, with every nerve and muscle strained to their utmost; but she had stopped screaming, and only stared in a vacant, almost idiotic way in Mrs. Tilton's face as she sat opposite to her. Mrs. Tilton tried in vain several times to look at her, but there was something so shockingly painful in the sight that she could not; nor could she speak until, having left Washington-street, she found herself in more comparative quiet. Then the officer asked:

“What had we better do with her, ma'am? Perhaps if you would

“speak to her it might not scare her quite so much.”

Mrs. Tilton made a great effort, and, putting out her hand, said, “Yes, I will; but it is so shocking; poor child, who can she be? I never saw such a dreadful sight.”

“I don’t know just what to think; I don’t know what she had been doing at first to draw the crowd, but you will find out best, ma’am; I scare her.”

Mrs. Tilton had laid her hand upon the little one which the officer was still holding. “Let me take them in mine,” she said.

There was something on the instant in the touch of the human hand that dispelled her dread of the child. She drew her from the man, and without saying a word, sat her on

the cushion beside her; all the time those strange dark eyes never moving from their intense gaze on her face.

"Poor little thing," she said, very gently, as she put back a lock of the hair which had fallen over her face. "I am very sorry for you. Are you hurt anywhere?"

The child drew a long, almost convulsive breath, and shivered, but did not answer.

"Don't be frightened; no one shall hurt you. There, now, be quiet until you get all over it, and then you shall tell me where you are hurt. Did you fall and strike your head?" Mrs. Tilton lifted a mass of hair off from her forehead and disclosed an ugly looking wound.

"That was not done to-day," said the policeman; "only it has never had

any care taken of it. The condition of some of these vagrant children is awful, ma'am, very awful. You ladies read about them in books, but we police officers see them, and it is a different thing. Now I feel sure this comes from some blow which the child has received from an angry parent, her mother as like as not."

"She's dead," said the child, speaking suddenly. "They carried her away."

"All the worse; she is left with some one who abuses her, and there is less hope in this case. Where do you live?"

Not a word in reply.

"Where do you live?" asked the lady, very kindly.

"I don't know."

"Who do you live with?"

"The old woman."

"What does she do?"

No answer.

"This is a blind matter," said the officer; "the probability is that she does not know where she lives, or with whom, though she would find her way back again like a cat or a dog if she were turned loose. If she is not hurt in any way perhaps this would be the best way of settling the matter," and he began to bend her arms and limbs to see if any bones were broken. But as this called forth another scream, and arrested the attention of the passers by, Mrs. Tilton said:

"I do not think she is hurt, but she is certainly in a very deplorable state. I see nothing better to do with her than to take her to the

home for destitute children in —— street. The matron is noted for all that is kind and good; besides, she is used to these children, and will find out the truth much sooner than either you or I. If you will allow me to take the charge of her I will put you down anywhere you say, give you my card and number, and if you feel any responsibility you can call at any time at our house and make inquiries.”

“Very well, ma’am, that seems to me an excellent idea. You ladies don’t frighten little folks as we do. I will get out here. I know ‘Aunt May,’ as the children call her, very well. I am at the Asylum office, and she will know Amos Foster, if you will please to mention me, ma’am.”

“That I will do. Thank you for

your kindness to the child and confidence in me. Here is my card."

"O, I know your house, ma'am," said the man, laughing; "there is no man in Boston, in a public office, who don't know where Mr. William Tilton lives. We all think too much of him for that."

"Then you can hear from your charge at any time."

"Yes, ma'am, I know it will all be safe and proper; but it's my business to inquire, I suppose," and touching his hat again, the officer left.

"Now," said Mrs. Tilton as the carriage started again, "you are going to be a quiet, good little girl, and I will take you to a nice new home where there are a great many little boys and girls like you, and a good, kind aunty who loves them all. We

will put this shawl on so as to cover up your hair, and by and by we will have it fixed nice and neatly. You will like that, wont you?"

"Mother did," said the child.

"How long has your mother been dead?"

"Last week they carried her away."

"Where is your father?"

"He died too."

"Both dead! then you are truly a little orphan, and belong to the Orphan Asylum. Have you no friends living, no one to take care of you?"

"I don't know."

"Was the woman kind to you that your mother left you with?"

"She did not leave me, she died," repeated the child.

"What is your name?"

"Rachel."

“Rachel what?”

“I don’t know.”

Then the eyes looked wilder and more frightened, and Mrs. Tilton saw it was best not to make inquiries herself, but to leave them for a more experienced hand; so she sat still until they reached the Asylum.

This was a plain brick building in ——— street, quite distinguishable from all the others in the block by its great simplicity. The very bricks of which it was built had a faded, worn-out look, as if, being second hand, or in some way worthless, they had been chiefly appropriated to charity. It was four stories high, but not a blind shut in its numerous windows, and the framework of both doors and windows, instead of being stone, as is commonly used, was made of wood,

without an ornament. The steps, wooden and unpainted, separated this house from all the others; indeed, no one who entered the street in search of the Asylum would have needed to make an inquiry; the very outside of the house told its appropriation. There was one thing, however, which even there gave the visitor courage and hope: the plain white window-shades, which hung at every window, were white as the driven snow, and made some of the heavily embroidered lace and muslin ones in the neighboring houses look like tawdry finery in comparison.

Before this house Mrs. Tilton's carriage stopped, and she was about getting out, when a scream of terror, and the tight clinging of the child to her, prevented her moving.

"What is the matter, Rachel?" she said; "no one shall hurt you. I am going to take you to a nice, pleasant home, where they will be very kind to you."

"No, no, I wont; I want to stay with you."

"Poor little thing!" and Mrs. Tilton found herself taking the child, all ragged and dirty as she was, into her lap. "I will come and see you to-morrow, and bring you a nice cake if you will be good and quiet now, and come in to good, kind Aunt May."

But no persuasion would induce Rachel to move, or to lessen her hold in the least; she made no answer, but rolled her eyes in the same frightful way.

"Ring the bell, and ask if the matron can step to the carriage," said

Mrs. Tilton, in much perplexity. John obeyed; a pleasant looking child opened the door, and in a few minutes the matron came out, and the coachman explained what was wanted. With a smile she ran down to the carriage; but the smile left her when she saw the child.

“Poor little dear!” she said; “I have seen a great many of them; but she is in such a condition. Do you know her name?”

“She says it is Rachel. Now, Rachel, this is dear Aunty May. I want you to go home with her and see all the other little children she has.”

Rachel dropped her head upon Mrs. Tilton’s velvet cloak; but she did so without being reproved or moved.

"You come with her," said the matron; "she will soon become reconciled when she sees them all."

There was no way but for Mrs. Tilton to carry her in, in her arms; any attempt to take her from her must have been by force, and she dreaded to hear those screams again. So she got out of the carriage, and with Rachel clinging tightly around her neck, carried her in. For some time any move to separate or change her from this position proved unavailing. They were now in the great, bare, cheerless looking parlor, so the matron proposed they should go up into the children's room; but she said decidedly, though kindly, that Rachel must walk. With gentle force she disengaged her arms from Mrs. Tilton's neck and placed her on the

floor. "I am sorry," she said, "to take her among the others until she is washed and dressed; they will not be as kind to her while she looks so. Rachel, don't you wish to be made all nice and clean, and have on some whole clothes before you see my little children?"

"Mother did," said Rachel, looking up with an eager, imploring look in the matron's face.

"Yes, so she did; she was a kind mother, and if little Rachel is good, God will take her some day to live always with dear mother in heaven."

"I want to go now," said Rachel, with her lip trembling.

"Not just now we will wait until God sends his angels for you. Now we will come and get mother's nice little Rachel all back again. Mother

does not know her, when she looks down for her from that beautiful heaven where she is gone, because she is so ragged and so dirty. We will have her child all nice and neat for her, wont we? Come with Aunt May, and then you shall come back and see this good lady when you are mother's little girl."

Rachel put her hand, without an instant's hesitation, into that of the matron, and went with her, Mrs. Tilton having consented to remain until her return. She was gone for some time, an interval which the good visitor employed in looking around on the bare walls and desolate room, and determining that before another week had passed some new furniture should give it a more cheerful and inviting look.

What a different child it was that Aunty May brought back. She had been washed. Her long, dark hair, which had looked only like a tangled, neglected mass, that could never come into order, was curled down over her neck in profuse and beautiful ringlets; her eyes had, in a measure, lost their wild, strange look, but were still large and singular. The wound upon her forehead had a patch crossed over it, which gave to her whole face a most singular expression; and the dress, which was one that had been outgrown by one of the Asylum children, did not fit her, but being both long and large, hid the delicate, slender child almost like a mantle.

"We have nothing that will fit her," said the matron apologetically;

"but if she is to stay with us we shall have clothes made for her directly: she is at least clean now."

"Do you learn anything new about her?" asked Mrs. Tilton, taking her once more in her lap.

"No; I think she is an orphan, whose parents must have died suddenly, leaving her entirely unprovided for. The way in such cases is, I suppose, to procure her a right to be admitted here. If she has friends, they will certainly find her out; if she has not, she can remain here until we find her a good home."

"In the mean time I will pay for a new suit of clothes for her, and, that you may have no trouble with the managers, for her board until something is decided." Mrs. Tilton handed a sum of money sufficient for these

purposes to the matron, and renewing her promise to Rachel to come soon and bring her the promised cake, she saw her carried, without resistance, to the room where the children were assembled, and then took her leave.

CHAPTER II.

ERNEST PROTECTS RACHEL.

AUNTY MAY and Rachel went up a long flight of stairs, covered with gay oil carpeting, and stopping for a moment in a small, dark entry, Aunty May kissed the child, and whispered, "Don't be afraid, darling, the children will all love you." She opened the door. Such a chorus of voices as at once saluted them:

"Aunty has come!" "Here is aunty!" "Aunty! aunty!"

One would have thought, that from the reception she met, the good lady had been on a voyage round the world, and had but just returned. Then

came a rush of feet toward her, all eager and noisy; but Aunty May, holding up her finger, said gently,

“Hush, children; be still. Don’t you see I have brought a new little sister! This is Rachel, and I want you all to be very kind to her.”

Then followed silence, and the eyes of the twenty-four children were fixed on Rachel, who looked as eagerly at them, though she tightened her hold for an instant on Aunty May’s hand.

“All go back to your seats. Where is Miss Camp? Hasn’t she come yet?”

“No, ma’am,” said a dozen voices together; and there was an immediate scamper of the little group in the direction of the seats.

“Thank you, children,” said Aunty

May, waiting until they were back in their places; "now be very still until Miss Camp comes. Ernest, come here."

From the front seat a boy, who had remained occupied with his slate and pencil while the others had rushed toward the door, rose and came to her. He was a delicate boy of eight years old, dressed in the plain clothes furnished by the Asylum, with nothing particular to mark him from the other children but a gentle, quiet way of moving, and an eye so large and blue that it seemed as if you could never look through it.

"Ernest," said Aunty May in a low voice, "this little child is a stranger, and she feels timid among so many she has never seen before. I want you to take her to your seat

and draw pictures for her on your slate. Will you?"

Ernest held his hand out, and Aunt May put Rachel's into it; but the boy showed more fear than fancy for the little girl, and the matron saw a timid look steal over his face as he said simply,

"Yes, ma'am."

"You need not be afraid of her; she has been hurt; that is the reason she has that ugly bit of paper over her forehead. Her father and mother are both dead, and she has been brought here for the present; so, you know, we must make her very happy. You will be gentle with her, and draw her some pretty pictures; won't you?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"And when Miss Camp comes, if I

am out, you will tell her her name is Rachel, and she is not to be put in any class to-day."

"Yes, ma'am."

With their hands in a very stiff position, but still together, the children went to their seat, and before Aunty May left the room she saw Ernest busy drawing and Rachel watching him.

The room in which the children were was usually called the school-room of the institution, though it was the common gathering place of the children, where they staid when not at their meals or in bed. It was a large, bare looking room, with white walls, an uncarpeted floor, a dozen benches, with wooden desks before them, chairs of all sizes of smallness scattered around, and such a variety

of footstools of various patterns as it would have been difficult to have found anywhere else. Four large windows made the room light and airy; and this morning, the shades being drawn entirely up, the sun came in, lit up the bare walls, the white floor, the wooden benches, and laid itself as warmly and as lovingly on the heads of the little orphan group as if God had sent it with a special message of love to them all.

It was a singular looking room full of children, very unlike a common school; no one could have mistaken it for a moment. The varieties in their age, from twelve to one; the costume alike, and yet in many respects different; the faces representing almost every nation in the world, and even the different attitudes in which they

sat; besides, these things, to those who knew that they were orphans there was something which touched their sympathies in a way very different from anything aroused by a common school. Among all these we may as well now single out the four whose early life and history is to form the subject of these books. First there was Ernest, the boy whom Aunt May had called to take charge of Rachel. He was the son of a sailor who had gone to sea some three years previous to the date of our story, and had never been heard of since he kissed his wife and little boy and bade them good-by for a voyage to the East Indies. There had come back reports of fearful storms, and wrecks being seen on the coast around which he must have sailed—stories which

made the young wife grow pale and weary as she watched and waited for him, so weary that God kindly gave to his beloved sleep, and little Ernest was left to good Aunt May. Of Rachel's past we know now as much as we shall ever be able to learn. She could not tell her own history, excepting of the death of her parents, and no great pains was ever taken to ascertain it, as she was not claimed.

Christie is that little white haired, pale-eyed boy sitting under the window. The sun laughs full in his face, but not a whit more merrily than Christie laughs back at it. Any one would know to look at him that his heart was brim full of mischief and merriment, that God had made him to be happy, to be the little bee that gath-

ered its honey only from flowers. He is Scotch—that is, his father and mother were—his father is dead, his mother has two other children to support; she is not strong, and is often sick for weeks, sometimes for months, when all the family are *dependent* upon the charity of others; so they have taken away little Christie, who had already began to run out in the street and play with anybody who would play with him, and sent him to Aunt May until she finds a new, safe home for him. Everybody will want Christie. It will be like taking a sunbeam to their hearts and houses. Back in the corner, with a large old shawl rolled up so as to make a baby of it, sits a little girl all by herself. How old she looks! and how deformed. She has had spine disease,

and now one shoulder is raised far above the other; her head is on one side, and her features are pale and pinched. No one will ever want poor little Faith, for, as you see her now, she promises to bring nothing but misery and care wherever she goes. There is a ray of sunlight creeping toward her over the top of the old brown desk; but Faith shuts her eyes lightly, hugs her baby closer to her, and turns away from it. The brightness makes her poor weak eyes and head ache so she feels almost angry at it as it has come creeping up. She wanted to see Nab, whom she had coaxed away from Jenny Turner after a hard struggle. She wanted to love her, and fix that soiled bit of pink ribbon into another knot of a bow around Nab's neck, and now

there was the hateful sun, and her head and her eyes ached; and so, while Ernest and Rachel were busy with their pictures on their slates, and Christie was basking in the sun, as full of life and love and joy as his heart could be, poor Fäith laid her thin, wan cheek impatiently down on the hard desk, and two tears, tears of anger and sickness and sorrow, stole down her cheeks; and yet these children are all God's children, belonging to the same world which he has made for them and for so many, many others, with the same blue sky over their heads, the same sun, and flowers, and sweet singing birds, the same power of tears and smiles, of being happy or miserable, of being good children and coming one day to dwell with him forever, where there

are no more orphans, but he is the Father of them all.

Aunt May had not been gone long from the room before Silas Carr, the oldest and worst child in the asylum, moved his seat out from one of the back benches to a chair, where he could sit and stare fully in Rachel's face. For some time both the children were so busy, Ernest in drawing ships, and Rachel in watching him, that they did not take any notice of Silas; but before long, drawn by that power which the eyes have when they gaze steadily at you, Rachel looked up, and no sooner did she do so than Silas made up a very ugly face at her. Rachel could not turn her eyes from him now, and he continued making them worse and worse every moment, until her angry

motions made Ernest stop as he was putting the last sail to his ship, and look up too. He saw Silas, and saw at the same time Rachel's flushed face, and eyes wild with anger and fear.

"Stop, Silas," he said, "don't you see you frighten her! Don't make such awful faces."

"Mind your own business; my face is my own, I guess; who is she?"

"Her name is Rachel; let her alone, or I will tell Aunty May."

"I aint touching her, Mr. Tell-tale."

"But you are plaguing her."

Silas had now torn a bit of paper out of one of the school-books, and pasting it on his forehead, in the place where the patch was put upon Rachel, pulled his hair down as well

as he could to imitate her, and mocked every motion she made, as, growing more angry, she began to throw herself about in the seat.

"Stop that, Silas," said Ernest, "or I'll call for Aunt May."

"Poor little baby, call her as quick as you have a mind to; has to cry for his mammy all the time like a girl. See here now," and he made a ludicrous distortion, which called out a burst of laughter from most of the other children.

Ernest rose in his seat, and without waiting an instant to think, hurled his slate right in Silas's face. The aim was true, the force as great as the angry boy could give, and striking Silas between his eyes, the edge of the wooden frame cut a gash; then it fell upon the floor, and was shiv-

ered into pieces. Silas uttered a scream, or rather a howl of pain, and springing on Ernest, the two boys were in an instant engaged in such a hand to hand fight as had never taken place in that school-room before. Rachel looked on a moment, then, with the speed and expression of a tiger, fastened on Silas with her teeth and nails, and the great bad boy would have received such a punishment as had never come to him before in his life if the noise had not brought Aunt May quickly in.

“Children, children,” she called, in such a shocked, grieved tone that all the smaller ones there burst into loud cries, “what are you doing? Stop this minute;” and Rachel felt herself tightly grasped around the

waist, and though she would not relax her hold of Silas's hair, was drawn with him out into the middle of the room. Here it required all the matron's force to separate them. Never, during the thirty years of her life here, had she seen such a scene before. Ernest had dropped both of his hands at the first sound of her voice. Rachel's terrible onset had already quieted him, and he now stood looking on and trembling like a leaf. It was in reality but a very short time, but it seemed long before Aunt May stood holding Silas firmly by one hand and Rachel by the other, but as far apart as she could separate them. Not a word did she speak, but looked from one to another with such a stern, commanding look that neither of these children

ever forgot it. The blood was trickling down Silas's face from the gash made by the slate and the scratches and bites which Rachel had inflicted, but the temper in it gave to his face even a worse look yet, it was so malignant and ugly. Rachel's breast was heaving, her eyes flashing, and her teeth tight set; and so rigidly did she hold on to the hand with which the matron held her, that even then Aunty May was conscious of the pain it gave her.

"Ernest," said Aunty May, speaking first to him, "what does all this mean?"

"I threw my slate at him, and struck him between the eyes there," said Ernest, pointing with trembling fingers toward the blood-stained forehead.

“What did he throw the slate at you for, Silas?”

Silas hung his head, but made no answer.

“Answer, Silas,” and the firm hand grasped the boy’s arm a little more firmly, “what did you do?”

“Nothing,” answered Silas.

“Nothing! I know better. Tell me the truth. What was it?”

“I did not do anything,” said Silas, “you may ask the children. He fired the slate right into my face, and then I meant to thrash him, to pay him for it.”

“That is a story, Silas. I had rather you would tell me yourself, but if you persist in not doing so, then I shall ask the others; say, what was it?”

“Nothing, and they will all tell you so.”



Rachel Introduced to Faith.

“Children, what was it?”

“He made up faces at her, and many fingers were pointed toward Rachel; and when Ernest told him to stop, he called him ‘tell-tale and girl baby;’ and then he put a patch on to mock her, and—”

“Stop, children, that is enough. So, Silas, you have been amusing yourself by making this poor girl unhappy, and now you tell a falsehood to hide it.”

“I haint done nothing,” said Silas sulkily, but his eyes fell beneath the matron’s steady gaze.

“Stand where you are;” and Aunt May planted him in the middle of the room with a force with which he could not have withstood, then led Rachel to the corner of the room where Faith, still holding the shawl

baby, was looking out from under her hand to the spot where Silas was left standing.

“Faith,” she said, “here is this child who does not know how to take care of herself, and Ernest, you see, cannot help her. Let her play with your doll until I come back; I shall not be gone long, and if any one troubles her come right to me, will you?”

“Yes, aunty,” said Faith in such a clear, sweet voice that Rachel looked around to see where the words could have come from; they sounded as if they were far off, instead of from the crooked child beside her. She held the baby toward Rachel, but there was nothing in its uncouth figure, or in the shapeless, distorted form before her that

attracted Rachel, so without a word she ran back to her former seat beside Ernest.

Aunt May hesitated a moment, but decided to let her remain where she was, and going once more to Silas, took hold of his arm and almost dragged him out. This was the last the children in the Asylum ever saw of Silas Carr; nor was the matron disposed to answer the many questions which they asked about him, so in a short time he was forgotten.

Ernest was not easy when he saw Rachel coming back. His slate lay in pieces on the floor; he had nothing now with which to amuse her, besides he was almost afraid of her. A good hard blow he could understand, but to bite and scratch were new

things to him, and not by any means pleasant; so he moved off from her, as near to the wall as he could, and watched the door anxiously for Aunt May's return. "Would she punish him for what he had done? would she ever give him another slate? would she take away this new child who was so fierce and ugly? O dear, would she never, never come?" Now, if Aunt May had been anxious to select the severest punishment she could find for Ernest she could hardly have chosen one which would have affected him more than this waiting with Rachel so near him. He worked himself up into such a state of worry and dread that when she returned she found him pale and trembling, and needing only a few gentle words to come to

a quick sense of the wrong he had done. Many a time he had previously been reproved for his quick temper, but never once that made so lasting an impression as now. Rachel, with an instinctive feeling of his fear of her, had kept the seat she had first taken without moving nearer, but she did not once remove her eyes from him; and when Aunt May sent him to his own room to think over what he had done, and ask God to forgive him, she cowered down in the corner he had left, with her chin leaning on the desk, and her hands holding tightly on to the top of the seat before her. Aunt May was used to the care of every kind of children, but it seemed to her, as she stood looking at Rachel, as if this one belonged to a class she had

never met before. She tried to subdue her by the fixed loving look which she had never known fail with any one before; but there was no answering feeling in the great glassy eyes, which never seemed to wink, or turn away from her, and she was several times reminded of what Mrs. Tilton's coachman had told her with regard to her: "She acts and looks more like a crazy person than like anything else." The truth was, Rachel was insane, but only because she had been driven to this temporary madness by the scenes through which she had passed since her mother's death. Of a very nervous and sensitive temperament, she would have been better without losing her self-control; and to-day we all know, that from the gathering of the street crowd until

the present moment, she had passed through enough to worry a stronger and happier child than poor little Rachel was now.

Finding it of little use to try to draw her to her with kind looks, Aunt May decided to go on with the regular school exercises, and leave her to herself until she should become quieter, and in this she was aided by Miss Camp coming, and the children taking their places for their recitation; but before she left them she whispered once more to Faith, who might have been seen, soon after the matron left the room, coming slowly down to the bench on which Rachel sat, still holding Nab closely to her.

“Has Nab learned her spelling lesson?” said Miss Camp pleasantly.

Faith smiled; it was strange to see how the smile changed her sickly face; but Miss Camp knew the happy look well; it was one of the rewards which God gave her for her self-sacrificing task of teaching these poor orphan children.

“Here is a geography,” she said, putting down a large book filled with pictures between the children. “Move up a little nearer to Rachel; put Nab between you, and now see which of you three can tell me the most about the pictures when I ask you.” Her hand rested for a moment on Rachel’s head. How stiff and immovable it was. She raised her chin, and made Rachel’s eyes meet hers; but no change even now came over their fixed, stony look. Then she bent down, patted her cheek

fondly, and kissed her rigid lips. Rachel drew a long breath.

"Kiss me, little Rachel," she said softly, "don't be afraid; we all love you here." But no motion came from the lips, only the long breath again.

Miss Camp drew the child's head down on her shoulder, and still the long breaths, and at last a sob, and the eyes were filled with tears.

"I wouldn't cry, darling," and the kind teacher's arms tightened around the child, who now wept as convulsively as she had before seemed cold and hardened. Miss Camp knew it was the best thing for her, so she only held her closer, and soothed her gently, lovingly, as the tenderest mother would; and so Rachel, in the school-room of the Orphan Asylum, seemed almost in that flood of tears

to leave her old life, whatever it may have been, behind her, and enter upon the new one to which the God of the fatherless had in his mercy led her. When Aunt May came back she was sitting, as aunt May said, "clothed in her right mind," holding the pictured geography with Faith, while Miss Nab, between them, looked on with her demure face as pleased and as intelligent in the eyes of the children as they; and Faith, while she traced with her white, thin fingers the choice beauties of the pictures, looked quite as often for approbation at the doll as she did at the stranger child, whose tear-stained face seemed as if it could never smile or look happy again.

CHAPTER III.

ERNEST'S NEW FATHER.

A WEEK now passed quietly away at the Asylum. Rachel became reconciled much more easily than Aunty May had dared to hope. She attached herself to Ernest with an affection both puzzling and troublesome to the boy, who for his part did not like her. He could not forget her first day there; he was afraid she would become angry again, and he dreaded to see her look and act as she then did. The patch was removed from her forehead, and Mrs. Tilton had brought her nice neat suits of clothes, in which she was the finest looking child in the Asylum.

She was gentle, too, and indeed, as the matron often said, since she had got over her fright, showed in many little ways that she had been well brought up. She was bright with her books, seemed willing to do anything Miss Camp required of her, and indeed there was hardly a child in the Asylum who gave so little real trouble for the time she had been there. There was one thing which was particularly pretty and touching about her: the kindness and care which from the time of their looking over the pictures together she showed toward Faith. If she was ever rude and angry it was because some one annoyed Faith. If she gave up her apple, or her turn with the plaything, it was for Faith. If Mrs. Tilton gave her anything nice, it was kept for

Faith. If the cripple found the stairs long and hard to climb, Rachel's arm was round her helping her. If in their games it was Faith's turn to take a part which was too rude or active for her, Rachel was always in her place; and so, before the first week was over, all the children began to look upon her as specially belonging to Faith, and answerable for her. It was seeing this which first made Ernest overcome his dislike for her, and begin to sit still, when she came where he was, to sharpen her pencil, and draw ships for her on the slate which Aunt May had given her, he still being under punishment for his quick temper by having a new slate kept from him, and waiting often for her in the play-room that they might begin their games again.

Indeed, at the end of this first week, these three children, Ernest, Rachel, and Faith, were the three upon whom Aunt May depended most for helping her to preserve good order with the others. This was no new position, to be sure, for Ernest. He had been now a year at the Asylum, and though Aunt May always said he was the best boy she ever had enter, he had steadily improved since, and, as we have seen in the case of Rachel, if she ever wanted anything done which required carefulness and attention, Ernest was always the one called upon to do it. We are sorry, however, to say, that he did not always acquit himself just in the way he had now; and for truth's sake we must acknowledge that his hasty temper was his besetting sin.

About this time the school was interrupted one day by the sound of heavy footsteps coming up the stairs that led to the school-room with Aunt May. The children all knew her footsteps; they could tell them anywhere. Miss Camp stopped the lesson in ab when the door opened, and there entered the matron and a tall, broad-shouldered man, whose good-natured face sent a smile all over the room as he looked down on the children. He was dressed in a gray roundabout jacket, with pants of the same color, and he had under his arm a very shining black hat; so shining, that it seemed to Christie, who sat nearest him, almost like a looking-glass, and he climbed up, trying to see his chubby face in it. The man noticed him, lifted him

in his arms, and put the hat on his little round head. Down it went, over eyes, nose, and chin, until nothing was seen but Christie's shoulders, and then came bursts of laughter from all over the room, none louder or more hearty than those from under the hat, and from the great man who held him.

"Too big, my little fellow," said the man; "you wouldn't do to wear a sailor's tarpaulin yet, would you? But never mind, you haven't done growing, and you may be captain yet for all that we can tell. Nice boy," he said, holding him at arms' length, and looking closely at him. "Scotch every inch of him; now isn't he?"

"Yes, his parents are Scotch."

"Dead?"

"His father is, but his mother is living, and he has a little brother and sister."

"Stick to them, then, my boy. Don't be giving him away, no matter how much folks may want him. His mother has the right to him, and one day he will be a comfort to her, or his face don't tell a true tale. I wouldn't part them for the world."

"I am going to build her a house, and buy her some apples and some coal, and—and—lots of things," said Christie, looking up archly in the stranger's face.

"That's right, my boy; honor your father and your mother; you know who said that, don't you? Well, now, if the great God has taken your father he means you shall honor your mother just twice

as much; so stick to it, little fellow, and one day you'll be a comfort to her, and this bit of a hand that isn't any larger than my thumb"—and he laid the hand out flat on his large thumb (it just covered it)—“will be bringing her a world of comfort. Couldn't touch him if his mother prayed to me to take him; it would be against the dispensations of Providence, that is clear to me; but my heart goes out to him, and so would mother's; and as for little Ally, why it would be like having a pair of birds in the house, they would sing so sweet from morning to night. But it can't be; no, matron, it isn't right; a mother is a mother, and while God spares her her child is her own; but you shall come and see me, my boy, and I will give you a

nice sail in the little boat. We will go way down to the light-house, and Ally shall go too; won't that be nice?"

"Yes, sir," said Christie; "but I am going to be a man and sail in my own boats. Ernest draws them for me, and I know which the foresail is already."

"You do, eh? Well you are a nice little fellow, and there is nothing I should like better than to put you in my pocket and take you home to mother and Ally; but I can't, you see I can't, don't you?"

"I am going home to my mother when I am a big boy and can work hard; then we'll have brave times."

"Brave times? so you will; and I'll look you up, you see if I don't. I am loth to leave you, but it's for

your mother's sake." So saying, he put Christie down and walked on to the upper part of the room.

Aunty May was disappointed. She had not thought of his fancying Christie when they came in—she had brought him to see Ernest—but as he did so, she hoped Christie had found the good home which the letter the sailor brought promised in more than usually satisfactory terms, and she had seen so much of homeless children in her long experience that she knew those who are left for a feeble mother to care for are often those who need one most. Ernest she did not wish to lose; not that she would stand for an instant in the way of his future, but that she loved the boy and clung to him. She knew his being a sailor's orphan

would be a great recommendation to one who followed the sea; besides the boy himself showed such decided tastes for a ship, that she had little doubt what he would choose to do when he grew old enough to make a choice. Her judgment told her that this was a rare opportunity for him. "Captain Lee was a Christian gentleman," so the letter said; "his wife one of the best of women, and his only child, little Alice, as sweet a child as the sun ever shone on." What could Aunt May ask more for this orphan boy. Still it was with a tear in her eye and a throb of pain at her heart that she called Ernest out from the little group which surrounded him.

This was a scene which was taking place every day; and nothing was

more common in the Asylum than for benevolent people, who had the heart and the means, to come and choose from among the orphans one who, in some way, touched their hearts. It was what Aunty May expected; indeed, it was what she wished, and yet it was very seldom that she parted from a child without pain.

Ernest came to her, his handsome, manly face filled with interest in the pleasant stranger who had been talking so kindly to Christie.

“That is the boy about whom I was speaking to you,” she said, laying her hand fondly on his head.

Captain Lee did not take him up as he had Christie; but he said:

“And you are the boy whose father was a brave sailor, and went

away, with God to take care of him, on the great ocean?"

"Yes, sir," said Ernest, looking steadily at him.

"So do I go. I go very often way, way off. I have a ship, and I call her the Sea Bird; and when I go on board of her, and we take up the anchor, and hoist our sails, mother and Ally don't see me for a great many, many days. Some day, perhaps, God may want me too, and I may never come back again. Should you like to go home with me and take care of them while I am gone, and be there with them if they look and look for me, as your mother did for your father, and I don't come? Should you like to be a sailor's son again?"

"Yes, sir," said Ernest without a moment's hesitation.

“That’s right;” and now Captain Lee took the boy’s hand in his. “You will come home with me then, and you shall sail in my boats, and—but that don’t matter much; we will love you, little Ernest, and you shall be my boy, and mother’s boy, and Ally’s own brother. Wont that be nice? Ally is the sweetest little girl in all the world. Father and mother both think so. Aint that strange?”

“Where am I to go?” Ernest asked, looking from Aunt May back to Captain Lee.

“Over to Nelson’s Island. Don’t know it on your map, do you? Well, it’s not very big, but it’s large enough for Uncle Seth and his wife and four boys, and me and mother and our Ally; and then there is

other folks coming down more of them every year, and they put up pretty little houses there, and call them sea-bunks."

"Yes, sir," said Ernest, waiting to hear more.

But Captain Lee had dropped his hand, and was now engaged in an earnest conversation with the matron. Whatever he was asking the matron was objecting to. The two left the room together, and it was more than an hour before they came back. When they did, Aunt May's eyes were red with weeping, and the children no sooner saw this than they knew that some one of them was to leave her. Who was it? Many a young heart beat faster, and a frightened look came over the orphans' faces. Going from her was leaving a

mother, leaving a dear home, one which most of them, go where they might, never forgot.

“Ernest,” said Aunt May. Ernest came to her. “This kind man, Captain Lee, wants to take you home with him to be his own little boy. He will be very good to you, and you will have a mother, and a dear little sister, and a nice home for the rest of your life. Will you go?”

Ernest looked for one moment tearfully into her eyes; then he went up to Captain Lee, and, putting his hand into his, said simply:

“If you please, sir.”

“Bravo, my little fellow,” and the sailor bent down and gave him a loud, hearty kiss. “I do please, and, with God’s blessing, we will sail this ocean

of life side by side, and we will pray too, every day, that we may come into the same port at last. It is the Lord's doings," he said, looking at Aunty May. "Now if the boy had been in the least unwilling, or clinging to you here, I couldn't have taken him, no matter how much I had wished to; but it's truly marvelous how He steers our rudder for us. Now, if you are willing, and can just give him a cap, it is all I want. I will send the clothes back for some other homeless little one, and I will take him and have him fixed up right smart for mother and Ally. How pleased they will be!"

Ernest would be ready soon. Aunty May could not part with him quite so abruptly; she had much she wanted to say to him; she must say

her good-by alone, with no other eye but God's upon them; and so Captain Lee promised to call in an hour, and patting Christie, told him to be a good boy, take care to grow fast, and when he was large enough to go to sea to come to him and he would take him out in the Sea Bird, and give him good wages to lay up for the poor mother at home; to all of which Christie answered with a happy, ringing laugh, which the sailor heard long after he was out in the noisy street.

At the end of the hour there was a ring at the door-bell, and, not doubting who it was, Aunty May kissed and blessed the boy over and over again, and Ernest clinging to her, felt that he would never, never leave her, or if he must, he would soon

come back and live with her there forever. Captain Lee had a new suit of clothes, cap, overcoat, and all, and finding they would fit Ernest nicely, he insisted that they should be put upon him, and the others returned to the Asylum for future use. What a different looking boy he was when he came back with the Scotch cap and the trimmed clothes, and how quickly Captain Lee's face conveyed the pleasure which the sight gave him to the matron.

"Do not spoil him," she said as she saw it. "Nothing is easier or more common. Save this boy—"

"God help us, mother and I, to do our best," said he solemnly; and so the orphan Ernest became Captain Lee's son, and went out with him to his new home.

The children in the Asylum are seldom allowed to go in the street. They have, for the most part, abundance of play and fresh air in the large airy rooms at home; so now, when Earnest found himself out of doors, dressed in his handsome new clothes, he felt as if he was suddenly carried into a new world, and he hardly heard the captain's good hearty, "Here you are, my boy, out in the world with your father, and a good father he will be to you as long as he lives. We must love each other, little one, and mother and Ally too, wont we?"

"Yes, sir." But at this moment Ernest's eyes were riveted upon the home he had just left. There were tiers of small faces, one above the other, pressed into the windows of

the school-room, all looking after him as he went.

“Ay, yes, there they are, sure enough. Get up on my shoulder, where you can see them better. Now take off your cap and wave it to them, so,” and the sailor lifted his tarpaulin and gave it three swings around his head. Ernest, however, did not follow his example, for at that window he only saw two faces; one was the pale thin face of poor little Faith, with such a sad look, and the other Rachel’s, full of sorrow too; but how large and bright her eyes were, and how they seemed to come near to him and to say over and over, “Good-by, don’t go, good-by.”

“Good-by,” cheerily shouted the captain; “Good-by,” faintly echoed

Ernest, and the people passing in the street at the time looked at the two, and at the crowded window of the Asylum, and many knew that a little orphan boy had found a new father.

CHAPTER IV.

GOING HOME.

How much there was to see as the two, Ernest and his father, passed along the crowded streets together. Ernest soon had his hands, the pockets of his pants, his jacket, and his overcoat, filled with toys, candy, cake, and the bright picture books, which were opened so temptingly in the windows of the bookstores.

The child was confused by it all. The new father, so tall, with his shining hat, his short coat, and his kind, smiling face; the street so busy, everybody knocking against him and he against everybody; the long strip of blue sky overhead, to which he

was constantly looking, how still and beautiful it was! Then the horses and the cars and the dogs. Almost mechanically he opened his hands for the treasures his father bought for him. He only half heard him when he pointed out one after the other of the wonderful things; it was all a new wonder-world to him, so he soon grew weary, and, to his father's astonishment, he found the boy walking every moment more and more slowly, and looking at him closely, he soon found how tired he was.

"Poor little sonny," he said, taking him up in his strong arms; "father forgot but what you were as big as he is, didn't he? Come now, we will have a ride way up aloft, and we'll go for our dinner, and then for the cars, and away home to mother and Ally."

At any other time Ernest would have rebelled at being carried in any one's arms; but he was so confused and weary now that he felt a great sense of relief at being borne above the crowd, instead of having to push his way through it. They stopped in an eating saloon, where the quantity of cake, pie, and other things which were put before him would almost have served for a treat to the children left at the Asylum. He ate until he could eat no more, his father sitting by and watching him with such an eager pleasure that even the waiters in the saloon saw and wondered at it; but in spite of the quantity and quality, at which a wise mother would have shaken her head, Ernest felt much rested and refreshed, and walked to the depot in quite a manly

way. The ride to N. was forty miles, and soon over. Ernest was full of enjoyment as the cars flew along; don't blame him young reader. I do not believe he thought of Aunt May, or of Faith, or even of Rachel, as he left them behind him: how could he, when he never remembered to have been in the cars before, and it was all so new to him.

It was late in the afternoon when they came to N., and without waiting to speak to the many who seemed to know him there, and to want to make inquiries about the stranger boy, Captain Lee hurried down narrow and not very pleasant streets until Ernest saw the dark gray water. So far he had talked but little, but now he asked eagerly, "Is that the sea?"

“Yes, little sailor, that’s my home; that’s where I eat and drink and sleep; that’s what I love next best to Ally and mother and you; and there is the boat, don’t you see her? blue, with the white sail flapping—that’s Bonny Blue—and we are going home in her. You wont be afraid, I know, for Ally isn’t. Why the little monkey would go to sea herself all alone if I would let her, and she isn’t near as large as you are.”

By this time they were close to the water’s edge, and going out on a low wharf, Captain Lee loosened the Bonny Blue, fixed her sail, then went back, took Ernest in his arms, and seated him carefully on the seat in the middle of the boat. “Now don’t be frightened,” he said; “she will tip

a little as we back her out; but the waves are as still as a mill-pond, and she will swim over to the island like a duck."

There was no look of fear in Ernest's face as he turned it up to his father; but he was watching him curiously. A few careful strokes of the oars and the little boat swung easily out from her moorings, and in a moment more was dancing away over the waves. The sun was just setting, and as its last rays streamed out over the water they lit up the little white caps with as many bright rays as if every one of them were the lining of a choice shell. Ernest looked in silent wonder. What were they, these beautiful things upon which he was riding? Who was singing? The voices were softer and sweeter than even

Faith's when she sung their evening hymn. What moved this boat? what was this great white wing swinging over him? Many children would have asked these questions, but Ernest only looked? and treasured them up in his heart.

"Pretty nice, aint it," said his father; "rather better than riding with the iron horse, and we go almost as fast too. Well, sonny, God made one horse, and man made the engine, and what God makes is always the best. Here we go, only a little further and you will begin to see home; and Ally will be there, I know she will. 'Father,' she said this morning, 'bring me home a little brother and he shall have my shells; that is, half of everything.' That's the way Ally does, only she has had no one but her

old father and mother to play with, and that wasn't just fair, you know."

The boat flew over the water almost as if it knew how impatient the hand that guided it was to see mother and Ally, and pretty soon it came in sight of a small island with many high rocks, a few pine-trees, and here and there a small house.

"There she is," said Captain Lee; "now jump up, my boy, don't be afraid; stand up there on the bow and hold fast to my hand. Now take off your cap, and we'll give three cheers for the dear little sister and the new home."

Without any fear, Ernest sprang upon the small board which was placed across the bow of the boat, and refusing his father's offered hand, swung his new cap round three times,

and joined, as well as his child's voice could, in the cheers which his father sent across the water. A low sound came back.

"Hear her! hear her! Ernest, that is the way we always do. I cheer, and if she hears me away it comes in answer in a minute. Didn't I tell you she was the dearest little girl in all this wide world? Now, you'll see, she comes way down to the very end of the wharf, and when I haul up, down she plumps into the boat, without any more missing her footing than I should. I'll promise you mother isn't far off, though; she is generally sitting on the keel of the old boat. Yes, there she is; three more cheers for mother, and we'll be in in a moment."

So the boat glided nearer and

nearer, until Ernest could see a child sitting on the edge of the wharf, with her feet hanging over, ready, as her father had said, for the jump the moment he should come near enough, and a little further back a woman wrapped in a shawl.*

“Now,” and the Bonny Blue grazed alongside the wharf. A merry shout, and Ally was in her father’s arms, with her face hidden from Ernest by the great flapping white sail.

“Precious lamb,” said her father, kissing her as affectionately as if he had just returned from a long voyage. “I have brought you a dear little brother.” Ally’s face peeped round the sail, and Ernest saw her blue eyes and light hair, and he did

* See Frontispiece.

not know what else, for his father pushed away the sail, and, leaning with Ally over toward him, said, "Kiss and love each other, my children, and may God bless you both."

How solemnly his words sounded on that still night. The little waves as they broke upon the shore seemed to repeat them over and over, "May God bless you both;" and perhaps, more than ever, the good man felt the responsibility of what he had just done when he lifted first one child and then the other to the shore, and taking a hand of each, led them toward their mother.

Mrs. Lee was coming down to meet them; not a word was spoken by her husband; but she put her arms round Ernest's neck, called him "her son,"

and took him from that moment into her kind motherly heart. There was one less orphan in God's world, one more of his little ones whom he had sheltered in a safe home.

"Now for the house," said the father, as the meeting was over. "Ernest and I are tired and hungry, and we want to turn in as soon as we can. Come, children!" So, hand in hand, the brother and sister ran on before to the little white house, which was only a short distance from the shore.

As soon as they were out of hearing Captain Lee told his wife all that he knew of their adopted child, and was glad to find her as much pleased with the appearance of the boy as he had been himself.

Perhaps there will be no better

place than this to give a brief account of Ernest's new home and parents.

Captain Lee had raised himself from the rank of a common sailor by his steady well-doing, until he not only owned his ship, but had also laid up enough money to purchase a part of the small island called Nelson's Island, only a few miles from the port of N. His object in buying this place was to provide a home not only for himself, but for a brother, who had never shown any power of taking care of himself or his family. To this home he removed his brother, and then building the house of which we have spoken, he brought here a young wife and soon little Alice came to make the home doubly dear. He was away on his voyages sometimes a whole year, and then he left every-

thing under his brother's care; but the days and nights of his absence seemed to grow longer and more dreary to his wife as time passed; and when Alice was six years old he proposed they should adopt a little boy, not only as a companion to Alice, and keep her from becoming selfish, but also as a greater means of doing the good which God had put it into their power to do, and as the boy should grow older having some one to take his place when he should be away. To this Mrs. Lee gladly consented. She was a woman of sterling common-sense and warm piety, and she not only was glad to do what she could toward succoring the poor and homeless children, but she was far too wise a mother not to see how much good it would do Alice to have

another to share the indulgences of her fond parents.

This change in their home-life had been prayerfully undertaken; and God, who hears and answers prayer, will assuredly bless it.

For some time the children walked on in silence, looking at each other from under their eyebrows, and at length, smiling, Alice saw the top of a doll's head peeping out from Ernest's pocket, and she said,

"O what a pretty face! whose doll is that?" Ernest took it out confidently and handed it to her. It was very gayly dressed, with such pink cheeks and long pink ribbons as only dolls can have. "You beauty! you beauty!" she said, hugging and kissing it. "May I have it?"

"Yes," said Ernest.

A few more demonstrations of affection, and the eyes peeped into the pocket again. "What's that blue? I see something."

"A top," and Ernest drew it out.

"A top!" and Miss Dolly was thrown down in the sand while the fingers were busy examining the top. "What is it for?"

"To spin," he said, and Ernest pointed back to her father.

"Who is he?" asked Alice.

"That great man that came with me."

"Why, that is my father; don't you know you should say father, because John and Thomas, and Sam and Eddie, they all say father, and they are brothers, just as you are my brother, and I am your sister. How do you spin it?"

"I don't know; he said he would show me."

"So he will, then; he always does what he says he will, but uncle don't. He says he will ever so often, and then he don't—aint that queer?"

Ernest said "yes," but he did not know what he was saying yes to.

"What else have you?"

"Lots," said Ernest, beginning to empty his pockets in haste; but it was an unfortunate time, for their hands were soon so full that every other thing tumbled over on the ground, and by the time their father and mother had come up to them they were surrounded by quite a toy shop.

"Did father buy these all for you?" said his mother, looking so kindly in Ernest's face that he had

no feeling of timidity as he answered readily,

“Yes, ma’am; but part are for Ally.”

“That’s right, never forget Ally; and she must never forget Ernest, that is the way to be happy together. Now we will gather them all up and take them home.”

It may be doubted whether Ernest thought much of the house, or how pleasantly and cheerfully it looked as he entered it. He was more busy with his playthings, wondering over the top, and the pop-gun, and the whirligigs, which all seemed to possess a new interest the very moment Alice began to wish and wonder too. So the first hours in the new home were made busy and happy, Ernest carrying with him that night, when

he went to bed, a more vivid recollection of the games than of the fervent prayer with which his father had asked God to love and watch over them all; or of his mother kneeling beside him while he folded his hands and repeated the prayers which Aunt May had taught him, though he did remember how she said to him as she kissed him good-night, "Precious little sonny, mother loves her boy!"

CHAPTER V.

THE FIRST WALK.

It was late next morning when Ernest woke up. When he first opened his eyes he could not tell where he was. Instead of the long room with its bare white walls, its rows of small single beds, its tables, each one holding its Bible, there was a small, low square room with a brown paper covered with pictures of ships and boats; there was a table loaded with pretty shells, a mantle-piece with so many queer looking things on it, not one of which he had ever seen before, and hanging up in black frames were three pictures of ships. Then there was but one window, and over it

hung such a pretty chintz curtain, covered with pictures of boats and ships again. A large wax doll sat on a chair in the corner, and next to her, on a table which could but just hold it, was a real ship, with her sails all set, her rigging all on, and some figures in pea jackets and tarpaulin hats, which looked to Ernest like live sailors. He rubbed his eyes and said, "Christie! Christie!" for Christie had slept in the bed next to him at the Asylum, and had always been the first one he called when he waked; but no Christie answered now, only the great doll in the corner seemed to wink her eyes at him, just as if she was saying, "What in the world do you want?"

He raised up on his elbow and looked around. Where was he?

Where was Aunty May, and Rachel, and Faith? Couldn't he go to school to Miss Camp to-day? Truth to say, he would gladly have given every pretty thing in the room where he was for one look at some of the familiar objects at home. He was still tired from the fatigue and excitement of the day before, and the tears were in his eyes, when his door was softly pushed open, and a child's head looked in at the crack.

"O mother! mother!" she called, "he has waked up at last—come! come!" Then she pushed the door open wide, and running noisily in, she caught up the big wax doll, and with a face full of glee was carrying it to the bed, when she caught sight of the tears on Ernest's face.

"Why," said she, dropping the

doll, and taking out her tiny white handkerchief, "those are tears. What are you crying for? We have been here ever and ever so many times before, and you was sound asleep. You must not cry, 'cause you are my brother now. Brother Ernest! aint that funny?" and she wiped the great tears away very gently, as her own had been dried so many, many times. "I am your sister Alice, and papa is going—O I know! I wont tell you, but its real nice. Come, here is your breakfast, and my silver mug for you. Mamma says you must own half of it, and half of everything I do; aint it funny? But I like it, don't you?"

By this time Mrs. Lee had come in, and one sight of her good motherly face did more to cheer the home-sick

boy than all Alice's prattle. It was not like Aunty May's, no, not in the least; but God had made it for children to love, and so of course they did, though Ernest's arms could not help winding themselves around her neck, and Ernest's lips could not help kissing her; and God sent to this motherless child the instinct which made him say, "Good-morning, *mother*;" and then—but Ernest never could remember what happened then; the first thing that he could well recall, as he tried in after years to bring back the scene, was that of being on the door-steps, with his new father, and his tying a bright red comforter around his neck, and pulling the india rubber, which held his cap on, down under his chin, for he said he was going to take him out to walk

where the sharp sea-breeze would be looking after little city boys' throats and ears to see of what they were made." And this was out of doors, Ernest knew it was, for there was the blue sky that he had only seen in little patches between the rows of tall city houses here it was over his head, over the ground, over the trees, over that great, rolling, roaring white ocean, that seemed to him like another sky, only beneath, not above him, and the clouds, so large and fleecy, lay on both, away off where the two met. How different the trees were from the stately elms which grew so grandly on the old Boston Common. *Were* they trees, so small, with their scraggy branches? And where were the walks, and the men, and the horses? What sort of a new

world had the boy fallen into? None of these thoughts did he express as he stood silently looking around him, while Alice danced and laughed and sang, tied on her own comforter, and gave to her pretty blue hood a closer pull, as if she wanted to make believe she was afraid the wind was hunting for her too. She did not quite like this new brother, he looked so still and almost scared; why didn't he do as she did? Eddie was more full of fun, and she never, never saw him with tears in his eyes; still, she had a loving little heart, and she could not keep it away from nestling close up to him. So she took his hand and squeezed it, then kissed it over and over, and then she took her father's and did the same, only he held hers so very tight he almost

hurt her, while Ernest did not notice her.

"Now, what shall we show Ernest first, down to the beach? Yes, I knew you would say so; but he don't know a shell from a pebble yet; and as for the crabs, why he would be almost afraid of them until they had bitten him once or twice. I'll tell you what we will do; we will go over to Uncle Seth's and see the boys."

"John and Thomas have gone out fishing; they came round to mamma for your net early this morning."

"So they have my net again. Well, Sam and Eddie are somewhere, and this little shaver will feel more at home when he gets with boys."

"Row us, papa, please, do row us."

"That is, take you two miles when

we can get there by walking half a one."

"But it is so pretty, papa!"

"Yes, I know it; but we will save the row until we have the other boys, then we will go over to Egg Island together, and see who will get the most eggs. Should you like to, Ernest?"

"Yes, sir."

"Would you like to have your cousins go too?"

"Who are my cousins?"

"Sure enough, you don't know, do you? Well, they—"

"Why," broke in Alice, "don't you know? I do all about it. There is John; he is a big, big, bouncing boy, almost as big as papa, and I like him too; he takes me out in the boat, and mother lets me go, for she says he

is handy with a boat; then he never wets me, and Tommy does. Tommy always says, 'O dear, I can't help it,' and he splashes the water all over me and wets me just like a rat. I don't like him; he takes away my shells, and says he'll give me some prettier ones, but he never, never, never does, though I keep teasing him all the time. Then he pushes Eddie down when he gets a good chance, and he makes us both cry lots, and he says the ship is all his, and some day he is going to fit her up and sail her off, so we can't have her any more. I tell you Tommy is real ugly. I don't want him for my cousin, but I have him 'cause, 'cause he don't go away," said Ally, stopping to take breath.

The father smiled. "A bad case

you have made out for poor Tommy, now what about Sam?"

"O, Sam, I don't much love him either. He tells stories; we all say he does. O, papa, don't you think he said he caught a lobster that weighed twenty pounds, and sold it to a man who was out here, fishing, for a hard silver dollar!"

"Well, did he show you his dollar?"

"No, sir; he said he had hid it away in the sand, as Captain Kidd did, and that he was going to keep it there until he got a pot full, and then he was going to dig them all up and buy a splendid new ship, and he would call her the Alice Lee, after me, and then he would marry me and leave me at home while he went way off, and come back with such splen-

did things as I never saw. Is he going to, papa? I had rather not."

"Sam is a naughty boy to tell such stories," said her father gravely, "and I hope he will learn to be a wiser and a better boy soon. Now for Eddie."

"O Eddie is such a darling! (he was a little younger than Alice;) he is the dearest child ever was. He lets me hold him and play he is my baby every time I want to, and I brush his hair, and fix him all up ever so nice, and he never gets cross, and never once struck me in all my life."

"Well, here they come; so, Miss Alice, Ernest has heard about enough from you, and now he can judge for himself." At this moment two small boys were seen coming round a rock:

one about Ernest's size, the other rather smaller than Alice. They carried fishing poles, or rather long sticks which they were going to use for poles, and were now on their way to a cove, where they spent many hours catching such little fish as swam near enough to the shore to be caught by a small hook. They stopped when they saw their uncle with the children, but he called them to come and see their new cousin, and Alice, running to meet them, was soon seen gesticulating with much ardor as they came.

"Here are Sam and Eddie, Ernest. Children, this is your cousin, my son, and Alice's brother; I want you all to be very good friends and love each other."

The boys looked without speaking,

and Alice, in a very patronizing way, began to take Eddie's pole from him to carry it herself; but this Eddie resisted with a twitch or two of his shoulders, which Alice understood, and poutingly let him alone.

The father saw it and said: "When we are at home, Ally, you remind me and I will tell you a little story."

"O papa will tell us a story!" said Alice, her humor changing in a moment, for there was nothing she loved like one of her father's stories.

"May I come?" said Sam, speaking for the first time.

"And I too, Uncle William?" said Eddie.

"What! all of you?" said their uncle, laughing. "Well, then, instead of going over to Egg Island suppose

we go on board the ship, and I will tell you the story now."

"We want to go fishing too," said Sam, looking longingly at his rod.

"Poh, who cares for your old fish; I had rather have a story a hundred times," said Alice impatiently.

"Now I will tell you what we will do," said her father good-naturedly; "we will do both. I have some tackle in my pocket. I will fit up a line for my little folks, and we will all go together and see who will catch the most; then when we are tired we will come back to the ship, and if I find it in very good order we will sit down and have the story too."

"Splendid, you dear, darling, good papa!" and Alice looked so eager to kiss him that he could not resist taking her up and kissing her as many

times as she wished. Eddie's lips were ready too as he put her down, and then he lifted up Ernest, saying, "I can't neglect my sonny boy." Sam laughed.

"All girls are they, Uncle William?" he said.

"Yes, so far as loving them is concerned. You've grown to be too much of a man for it I suppose, Master Sam?"

"Rather fish any day," said Sam, throwing his stick forward, as if he was lashing the water, and looking under his eyebrows with some disdain at Ernest, who in his turn was watching Sam very intently, and did not know what to think of him. Sam was an odd-looking boy, and one who had seen more boys than Ernest might have wondered at him

too. He was dressed in an old jacket of his brother John's; and as it was long enough to come down below his knees, it might have passed for an overcoat if it had not been for the long sleeves, which were doubled back so that the end of the cuff came to his shoulder. The collar too, a great square sailor's collar, reached down his back almost like a cape; and in front the brass buttons, as large as cents, looked as if they would cover all there was of the boy beneath them if they only could get at him. To keep this on him he had tied a striped comforter around his waist as tightly as he could, and as it was ragged and very much soiled, it made his coat look like Joseph's coat of many colors. Then he had on his head a tarpaulin, which had done

much sea service, and had the marks of many a hard-fought battle with the wind and the waves. To complete his odd dress, he had taken a pair of his father's boots; these came up over his knees, until they were lost under the long jacket.

Sam was very fond of some such grotesque dress; indeed, the boy seemed to have a fancy for being somebody or something else than he really was, which was born in him. As Alice said, he was always telling big stories, of which he made himself the hero. His mother thought it was because he had such a vivid imagination, and she felt sure that some day he would make a great poet; but his Uncle William said he would be more likely to grow up to be a wicked man, whom no one would trust, for

he noticed that all his great stories or queer actions were pointing to one thing; which would make Sam Cady a great boy in his own and other people's estimation. His uncle always called him, when speaking of him, "the little humbug;" and this now introduces to my reader, after so many pages, what is to be the object of this book. My young friend, it is to show you not only what a humbug is, but to prove to you how foolish and wrong a thing it is. Do you remember some verses in the Bible that read so? You will find one of them in Proverbs xxv, 14: "Whoso boasteth himself of a false gift, is like clouds and wind without rain." There is another, Proverbs xiii, 7: "There is that maketh himself rich, yet hath nothing: there is that

maketh himself poor, yet hath great riches." These two verses *mean* a great deal. They are favorite ones of Captain Lee, and he will explain them by and by when he is talking to you about this humbug; at present he is going fishing with the children, and we must go too.

As the party approached the high rock upon which the boys were accustomed to fish, Ernest drew back behind his father. There was something in the great dashing ocean which made him feel timid. It was almost as if a giant was spread out before him, coming nearer and nearer to him every moment, ready to swallow him up. The beach was abrupt, and very stony; the reef of rocks upon which the island was founded ran out into the ocean in a suc-

cession of shelves, and it was this which caused so many vessels to be wrecked if they were unfortunate enough to be near it in a storm. It made the surf, too, dash more loudly and angrily against the little beach; indeed, the rock upon which the boys climbed, was still wet with the morning tide, and the water knocked against its bottom with a noise that might have frightened a less truly-brave boy than Ernest, but his father held his hand out to him, and he climbed up after him without a moment's hesitation, though he drew in a quick breath as the keen air, laden with sea-spray, dashed into his face. How familiarly the other boys ran about. How Sam sat down on the very edge, with his feet dangling over that white foam; how even Alice,



Ernest and the Minnow.

girl though she was, sat by his side, and only laughed when the wave, breaking at a little distance, covered her bonnet with spray. Even Eddie threw down his rod, as if he had no fear of the flood into which he plunged it; and perhaps it was as well for Ernest that not one there thought of the fear and awe with which the boy's soul was filled. His father had prepared some very nice fishing poles for Alice and himself, and Alice, still by Sam's side, was throwing her line with as much of an angler's skill as Sam could boast; but Ernest was clinging to the rock, and his hand trembled so when he tried to use the rod, that his father took it from him, and holding the little fellow fast, threw the line far beyond the others out into the tumbling waves.

Soon there came a bite, and it was his line that drew the first little struggling fish in. Ernest shrank from it, and had no sympathy with the cries of delight with which the others welcomed it. There was no sport to him in the agonies of the poor writhing thing, and he called out, covering his face with both hands,

“O put it back, put it back, father, do, do!”

“So I will,” said his father tenderly, “it is only a little minnow, and has a right to live as well as any of us.” So saying he gently disengaged its head from the hook, but it was too late; the fish gave a few flutters as he held it in his hand, then lay still and stiff—it was dead.

It was the first time Ernest had ever seen death, and he stood looking

at the poor thing now, with its bloody mouth and its glazed eyes, with such an expression of pity and sorrow that Alice came to look too, and wondered, as she saw it, if ever a dead fish looked so unhappy before. For to-day at least the sport was spoiled. Sam was very successful, and drew in fish after fish, some of them of a size which made all the children look at them in astonishment; and even Eddie, with his little rod, had such luck as had never come to him before. But, standing away from them on the furthest edge of the rock, Ernest's face was so full of sadness and sorrow that very soon the interest in the fishing grew fainter, and Alice, throwing down her line, proposed going then to the old ship and hearing the story which her father had promised

her. This was what Captain Lee had been waiting for. He knew it did very little good to attempt to talk to children when their minds are full of play; and yet he had many things which he wanted to say to them on this first day of their being together, and of Ernest's life in his new home.

CHAPTER VI.

THE WRECK.

SAM grumbled when he heard Alice's proposition, and saw the others all preparing to leave him; but he was a social boy, and could not withstand the temptation to go with them and hear, what he too loved, one of his uncle's stories; so he put all the fish together into a coarse bag and with a self-consequence which was very amusing, ran after them. They had, however, almost reached the ship before he overtook them, and as this gathering place for the children will be a very important one in our stories, we will tell our readers a little about it now.

Some years ago, during a very severe storm, the wreck of a large ship had been thrown by a wave on this island and left there. The distance which it was from the ocean in calm weather showed how mountain high the waves must have run, and with what resistless fury they must have broken over the rock-bound island. The form of the ship told that it must have been a Dutch merchantman, but whose or what it was there was nothing left specially to mark. The cargo had probably been thrown overboard to lighten her during the storm; the life-boats were gone, and nothing remained to give any clue to her ownership but the name, painted in red letters on her quarter, and a curious old figure on the bow, which the children had

early christened "Mrs. Fraulein." At first it was a very sad and solemn sight to see this wreck, with her masts and rigging all gone, her rudder broken, a loose rope swinging from the spot where in their extremity the crew had thrown over the anchor, great planks started from her huge beams, and seams yawning in her sides, through which the fatal water had rushed in; but every one soon grew familiar with this, and it came in a few years to have no other association to them than as a favorite playing place for the children. There was but one thing found on the wreck which had not been removed; that was a pair of child's shoes, which were fastened on the shelf in a corner of the captain's cabin, and, water soaked and shrunken as they were,

there they still remained. The children regarded them with a kind of veneration, and there was no end to the variety of conjectures and stories to which they gave rise. The ship had been transformed into a kind of large baby house, and as Alice was the only girl on the island, beside the daughter of a fisherman who lived on the opposite side, she was as much and as absolutely mistress there as if it had been in truth her own house. This was a very curious place, and only those of my readers who are familiar with vessels can understand just how curious it was. The retreating waves had left the ship standing on its keel, as it did when sailing on the water, and therefore every part was available. It was, as we have said, high and dry

on the land, and of course made quite a lofty house as you stood below and looked up. The children had contrived two ways of access to it, one was by a rough board ladder, made mostly for Alice's sake; the other was by a ladder of ropes, knotted together in true sailor style. The deck was a large flat surface, which was covered with fancy seats of all sorts and kinds. There were rough boards on smooth logs; there were ribs of ships, relics of other wrecks, which were beaten smooth and glossy as ivory by the friction of the waves; there were the empty sea-chests, which had been hauled up from the hold beneath; and then there were long iron-bound settees, with feet and backs, which had been riveted to the floor in the dining saloon

below. This was ornamented with rough sea treasures, large bones of fish, a shark's jaws, a whale's backbone, great clam-shells, shells with tints of the ocean depths from which they had been washed; an old compass, which had carried Captain Lee safely many times round the world; an old anchor which had been faithless, and parted from those who trusted it at a most dangerous moment. These, and many other things of which the children could tell you better than I can, were arranged in that child's order, which after all is only order in their eyes.

So much for the deck; but it was below that was to them the place of all places. There was the cabin, with its dining-room, and its small state-rooms parted off from the sides; and

at one end was the captain's state-room, resplendent with its tarnished gilt ornaments, its marble table, its faded and torn damask curtains, its narrow berth, and, first of all, the little shoes on the shelf at the side of the berth. This was the children's parlor, and when the port holes on either side were open a very cunning and cheerful one it made. Here was brought every new, curious, and pretty thing which they could collect; and it was in truth a wonder-house of rare shells, (Captain Lee never forgot the children's ship when he was away on his voyages,) of fine ivory work, of gay birds stuffed, and standing in the very attitude in which they stood in life. There were toys made in Canton, in Calcutta, in Java, at the Sandwich Islands, at the Cape

of Good Hope, in the colony of Liberia; pretty wood toys from Sorento, and lava from Naples, dolls dressed in costumes from Genoa, small temples from Rome, leaning towers from Pisa, tapestry from Florence. Indeed, these little children knew nothing of the real worth of their treasures; but their true value to them was the sunlight and beauty which they brought with them into the favorite parlor. The part of the ship which the sailors occupied, and the hold, was filled with pieces of boards which the tide from time to time washed up, and which they stored away for their boys' purposes of building wharfs, rafts, and small boats. Timber of any kind was rare on the island, all that they had having to be brought from N.

It was no wonder Alice proposed as the first walk the one to the ship; any child would have been anxious to show it to a new companion. It was therefore now with very eager steps that she led the way, running on quickly with Eddie, and only looking behind now and then, to be sure Ernest and her father were following. Ernest had never climbed a ladder in his life, and he looked with surprise to see Alice run up one into the ship, and Eddie the other; and he was not a little troubled when he saw his father, after shaking the ropes to see if they were firm, follow them without looking for him. While he was wondering what he should do, Alice's head peeped down from the deck.

"Why don't you come up?" she said.

"I can't," said Ernest, timidly.

"Yes you can, it is as easy as can be. Get on the ladder and walk right up!"

"Where is it?"

"Why, goosey! there, right before you," called out Sam, who had overtaken him. "Follow your nose, and I will run up here."

Without touching the ropes with his hands, and still carrying his bag of fish, Sam went up, stopping to look round at Ernest, who stood irresolute.

"Take hold of the round before you, and step up as you would go up stairs," continued Alice.

"No, don't be a gawky; walk up like a man, as I do-o-o—" But this time Sam was bragging a little too soon; he finished his words on the

ground, to which, in his desire to show off, he came rather unexpectedly, having failed to plant his foot firmly on the rope above him. His bag of fish lay scattered all around him as, amid the loud laugh of his uncle and the children, he picked himself up. Ernest ran at once to his side, and began to help him collect the fish, though it must be confessed he could not touch one without a shudder; nor did he laugh as the others did; he was far too frightened. This in part soothed Sam, whose first feeling was, as is so natural with children, to be angry at his fall.

“Did you hurt you any?” Ernest asked.

“Not a bit. I shouldn’t have fallen, only father’s boots are so big,

and they were all wet and slippery. I've been up there a thousand times with both hands full, and never slipped an inch before."

"Take care, Sam," called out his uncle, "I've seen you go down."

"So have I, heaps of times," said Eddie.

"But I haven't hurt myself, any way," said Sam, without noticing the "take care" of his uncle.

"No, that is a different thing; what I was speaking of was your saying what was not true."

By this time Sam was safe up the ladder, and in the ship; while Ernest, made no braver by Sam's fall, was still looking wistfully from below.

"Come up!" said his father.

Ernest shook his head.

"O be a brave boy about it! You

can do what Alice and Eddie can, can't you? Try; if you fall you wont hurt you any more than Sam has. Here is my hand; now see how soon you can take hold of it."

Who would have hesitated to step forward with that father's face looking down so honestly, and his hand stretched out ready to help? Not Ernest; his foot was on the ladder, and his eye fastened on the face and hand above; he knew he was safe, and he went quickly up. So it is with the child who trusts his heavenly Father. There is a long ladder reaching from earth to heaven, and God calls us all to come up. He has many, many treasures for us there, far more precious and beautiful than those these children had in the old wreck; but there are some who are at the

bottom of the ladder, and are content with picking up the worthless pebbles and broken shells which are half buried in the sand around them. There are others who, like Ernest, stand irresolute, fearing to venture, yet wishing they were there; there are others still who, trusting in themselves, and vain in their self-conceit, start boldly on, and fall back, like Sam, bruised and discomfited; but, my young readers, the right, and therefore the only way is, to look and see God there, and to reach out our hands praying that we may clasp his, while slowly, patiently, and with infinite care-taking we toil up, one round at a time, but the one above, one nearer the Divine help.

Everything was so new to Ernest to-day that he did not realize how

very charming the ship was, and how much a child, who had seen a great deal more than he had, could find to amuse and interest them here. His father sat down and waited patiently, while the children hurried him from one room to another, and at length, with a mingled vision of many half seen things, brought him back to hear the promised story.

It was a warm, sunny spot on the deck where they all clustered, and any one would have thought, to have seen how close they drew to Captain Lee, that they were not accustomed to the roar of the never quiet ocean, and had to listen with difficulty. Ernest he had taken into his lap; and we must say that, though Alice never was displaced before when there was a story to be told, still she

bore the deprivation to-day with a very good grace. Her father looked out so long over the water before he commenced that they began to be impatient, and Sam was sorting his fish, when he said to him :

“ Sam, did you ever think, when you have been up here, who the little child was whose shoes are down in the cabin ? ”

“ Millions of times. Ally tells us heaps of stories about them. ”

“ Does she ? Well, now I am going to tell you one, and I want you all to be attentive ; will you ? ”

“ Yes, sir, yes, sir, ” they all said in chorus, and Captain Lee began.

CHAPTER VII.

CAPTAIN LEE'S STORY.

“I DON'T know any more than you do whose the shoes really were, or where the boy is now that wore them; but it don't matter. There was once a little Swiss boy who lived far away on some famous mountains that are called the Alps. Now these Alps, you must know, are very, very high, some of them so high that the snow never melts off from them summer nor winter, but upon those that are not so high there are often green fields, and these are called an Alp. Now these fields are as beautiful as flower gardens are with us; for you don't know how many kinds

of flowers grow there, and the grass is as green as it is here in the middle of June. On these Alps the people who live in Switzerland keep all their herds, their cows and their goats; but they have many more goats than they do cows, because they can climb on the sides of the great rocks and pick the grass, where no cow would dare to go. Well, these green fields have a few houses, or chalets, as they call them there, built for the herdsmen and boys to live in. You would think it would be very lonely off there, away from everybody; but it is no more so than it is here, for they have the flowers and the cattle, and some beautiful little wild animals that they call chamois; then they have waterfalls, which come dashing and roaring down from the

high mountains all around them, and you know how much company it is to hear the water talking to you all the time.

“ Well, on the top of one of these Alps, taking care of a little herd of goats, lived Hans Christian and his two little boys, Max and Alex. They were older than you are, but they had always been so much exposed that they had not grown very fast, and their father used to call them his ‘ kline kinder.’ I say they lived here, but it was only in summer. In winter they went down from the Alps into a little village at the foot of the mountain, where their mother was; but from the time the first green leaf came they packed up their father’s pack, and taking what they thought they should most need,

said good-by to their mother until the snow came again. There was one thing which Max did that brought him a good many bits of money as the summer went by, though he was so small. He had learned to blow the Alpine horn, and he could play one of the pieces which they call 'Ranz des Vaches' as well or better than any one else on the Alp."

"What is a Ran de Vash?" asked Alice.

"It's a tune that every Swiss loves. It is like 'Home, Sweet Home,' that mother sings to you so often, Alice. I mean, it is their 'Home, Sweet Home.'"

"Then I am sure I should like it," and Alice began to sing the tune very correctly, looking all the time in Ernest's face for approbation.

Her father waited through the first

verse, then saying, "that will do, Alice," went on.

"This Alp where Hans Christian pastured his flock was one which lay on the road over which many travelers who came to see the Alps passed every year, and all such travelers want to see and hear every thing they can; therefore, when from the hill where he passed his day Max or Alex saw any one winding up the side of the mountain, Max would run with his horn to a place where there was a fine echo."

"What is an echo?" asked Sam.

"Didn't you ever hear an echo? I don't know how you should, though, for there is none on this island. It is where you call, and something answers you in the same words and tone that you speak. For instance, when

Max blew his horn he started all the waves of air."

"Does air have waves too?" asked Alice.

"Certainly, as much as the ocean; and these waves go rippling on just as the waves out there," said the captain, pointing to the ocean, "come rolling over and over until they reach the shore. When these waves of air upon which Max had blown the notes from his horn struck on a great rock near by, they came back just as you see that water after it has touched the shore roll back a little way toward the ocean. When the air came back it brought with it the sound of the horn again, and then it would go on and strike, and be repeated and repeated until it made a very wonderful echo indeed.

“One very fine morning, when the air was so clear that a sound could be heard a long distance, Alex discovered a small party winding their way very slowly up the northern side of the Alp.

“‘Here comes some one,’ he called to Max; ‘hurry up there. They are only Germans, or some kind of Dutch; I don’t see an American among them; but a kreutzer is better than nothing, and it is all you will get to-day, I know.’ Max hurried to his horn, and placing it in the best position, he stood waiting some time before Alex called to him that the party were coming around the last rock, and would soon be upon him.

“Then Max blew some very soft notes on his horn; and Alex reported that the strangers had stopped, and

were looking in every direction to see from whence the sound came."

"What fun it must have been!" said Sam. "I would have hidden somewhere, and kept them hunting for me for some time."

"I don't doubt it, Sam," and his uncle did not look pleased when he answered him. "But Max was a good honest little boy, and the thought of hiding anything, even himself, would not have occurred to him, so he blew a little louder, and the hearers were startled again, and having turned around the rock, the guide pointed out Max, seated near them with his horn in his hand. Now, without knowing it, Max made a very pretty picture as he sat there. He was dressed in the costume of the Swiss boys, which is a different dress

from what our boys wear here. He wore a large, short pair of boots, laced up in front with thongs or strings made of chamois leather. He did not wear stockings, and his short pants, very much torn at the bottom by scrambling over the rocks after the goats, were made of a thick kind of cloth that looked something like the velveteen you have seen on Irish boys when they first come over. Then he had on a scarlet coat made loose and long, and tied around his waist with a long knotted rope. This rope he used sometimes to fasten on a tree or projection of the rock, and let himself down by it, when a goat or kid had lost its way and could not get out again. He had a very large straw hat on his head, fastened at the side with the wing of a bright

colored bird. Altogether Max was a very peculiar and a fine looking boy, and made quite a pretty picture as he sat there with his great horn in his hand.

"The party that were approaching were, as Alex had said, Dutch. There were only four persons in it, a father, mother, little boy, and servant. The father was a large man, a captain of a Dutch merchantman, who had come home from a long voyage and found this, his only child, sick; so he proposed to his mother that they should come to Switzerland to see if the fresh mountain breezes would not cure him, and they took Caled, the old serving man, with them, and started. The child seemed to revive, and grew better every day, and by the time they reached this

Alp they thought they saw the roses coming back into his cheeks; so they were all very happy, and ready to enjoy everything that was pleasant. When they saw Max and the horn little Gottfried clapped his hands in delight, for he loved music above everything else in the world; so they stopped, and his father told Max to play to them every tune he knew. Max knew but this favorite one of the Ranz des Vaches, but he could play the variations. When he paused between them, those who did not know music very well were apt to think he had quite a variety. He played them through, twelve of them, and then he stopped, and said that was all; and though the captain would have been very glad to have heard them all over, and so

would Gottfried, the guide said they could not wait any longer if they were to reach the end of their journey that day, and they must go on. Now Alex was the one that always took the money, and when Max stopped he came for it, with his hat in his hand. The captain dropped in one silver piece after another, saying softly to Gottfried, who was watching him eagerly :

“ ‘Here is a silver bit for each new tune, twelve of them; twelve silver bits.’ ” Then with many kind words the party went on, and Alex ran with glistening eyes to Max.

“ ‘See here,’ he said; ‘what a lot of silver! Didn’t you cheat him slick? The old coon thought they were all different, and so he paid a silver bit for each tune you played.

I tell you what, Max, if everybody would let you gum them in that way shouldn't we be rich soon, and not have to live up here on this hateful Alp, taking care of these stupid herds; but we would go, O I know where," and Alex dropped one by one the pieces into Max's hand.

"Max seemed to be very slow in understanding what he said, and it was not until he held the treasure that he fairly realized it; then jumping up quickly, he threw down his horn, and started on the road where the travelers had disappeared. He very soon came in sight of them, and called so loudly that they stopped, wondering what they had left that the Alpine child was bringing after them. Up came Max, so out of

breath that he could not speak; but, going to the captain, he held out his hand with the silver pieces in it.

“‘What is it?’ said the captain; ‘haven’t I given you enough?’

“‘Go away, you little beggar,’ said the guide, striking at him with his long whip. ‘The gentleman has given you ten times as much as you ever got before. Be off with yourself or I will take away every bit from you.’

“Poor Max could not speak yet, so he ran to Gottfried, and holding up one, attempted to put all the other bits into his little hand.

“Gottfried seemed to understand him better than the others, for he said, ‘He wants me to take back all the money but this one piece, papa. What does he mean? Don’t you see he don’t want any more? Mr. Guide

is very cross to scold him so, and threaten him with the whip,' and Gottfried looked savagely at the guide.

"‘Hear what he says; I can’t understand him;’ for Max, though he spoke German, used a peculiar kind of words which those who lived on the sea-coast could hardly understand better than they could French.

"Max by this time had recovered his breath enough to say that he had been paid for twelve tunes; that he only played one, and he would not take the rest; it was cheating, and he never cheated.

"‘Bless the honest little fellow!’ said the captain, holding his hand out to him, ‘he shall have the whole, and two pieces for one, to pay for his honesty;’ so he counted out twelve more.

But Max would not stop to listen; he left the eleven silver pieces in Gottfried's hands, and ran back without so much as looking behind him. When he reached the top of the Alp again he found his father and Alex both waiting for him, eager to know where he had been and what for; but when he told them nothing could exceed their anger. His father was very poor and, we are sorry to say, not very honest, so that every cent he could make or scrape in any way was more to him than to almost any other herdsman within miles around. He called Max a great many hard names; and finally, as Max sat down on the ground without answering, became so enraged that he caught up a stick and whipped him most unmercifully. Max cried bitterly; the pain

from the blows was severe; but after all that was not half as bad as the pain he felt in his heart to think his father should blame him for what had seemed to him so natural and so right, for Max was one of the honest boys, with honest eyes that look right out from an honest heart. There are a great many different kinds of children in this world did you know it, little ones. But I will tell you the kind I like best, and what is of a great deal more importance, the kind your Saviour loves best. It is a child that has no humbug about it. Don't you know what I mean? I have told all but Ernest a great many times, and now I am going to tell you again for his sake. I think my child," he said, turning the boy's face up to his and looking searchingly down into it,

“has the honest eyes that only come from the honest heart—so had Max. Perhaps I had better finish my story, and then you will listen to me more patiently when I talk to you about humbugs. It is not a pretty word, is it children? but it is a very expressive one, and, as you will see, means a great deal. Well, Max felt sore and bruised after his father had beaten him, and he could hardly move around, to take care of the goats; and to make it worse Alex was vexed at him, and very unkind all day long. He laughed when he saw what hard work it was for him to move, said he had the honest fever, and he guessed one more dose of the same medicine he had taken would cure him of it; but it was very mournful all day to hear how sadly

Max blew his horn to the new parties that came up—there was so little life or spirit to it that no one seemed disposed to give him much money, and some even passed by without stopping at all. This did not make his father any better natured; and when the long day was at last over, and Max crept to his hard bed on the floor, he knelt down beside it, and folding his hands, wept more than he prayed. But, children, God counted every one of those tears for a prayer, for they came from the very heart of his child, who was suffering for having done right. Don't you remember where, in the Bible, he says, 'Lying lips are abomination to the Lord, but they that deal truly are his delight?' Poor little Max had dealt truly, and I have no doubt before he went to

sleep that night God comforted him and told him that he was his delight. Do you realize what that means, children? When you deal truly—truly, remember, that is, without any humbug—you are God's delight. Only think of it. You all love to be your father and mother's delight."

"Yes, sir," said Alice, sitting closer to her father.

"Now can you tell what it would be to be God's delight, his pleasure, the child he loves, and will take good care of here, and bring when he dies to live with him forever? There was no one there that night to whisper to Max that though everybody else was angry and cross at him God was pleased, and even the far distant, silent stars were looking down at him with a smile. Perhaps God sent his

angels to him in his dreams, and they whispered pleasant words in his ear. I should not be surprised, if we could have looked in and seen him, if we found the expression of pain and grief were away as he slept, and he smiled, for the next morning he waked up happy, and never for a moment was sorry that he had carried back the money which he did not feel was his own. He kept saying to himself, 'It was only one tune after all, and only think how wrong it would have been to have taken pay for twelve.' So when Max went out very early, to milk the goats, before his father was awake, he found the sky was just as blue and the flowers just as sweet, and the birds singing just as merrily as they ever had, though yesterday he was so unhappy it seemed

to him as if they had gone away forever.

“About the middle of the morning he saw his father coming toward him with the stranger gentleman who had paid him so liberally the day before. They were talking very earnestly, and when they came up to him they both stopped and looked steadily at him. Max’s face bore the marks of one of the blows which he had received yesterday, but the stranger did not seem to notice it; he asked him with a smile ‘for another tune on the horn,’ and while Max was playing it he was very much troubled by seeing him take out his purse and hand his father what seemed to him a large number of shining gold pieces. His father took them eagerly, and said to him,

“‘Max, this gentleman wants to

have you go home with him. He says you may come back and see us when you are a larger boy, and he will take good care of you; should you like to go?"

"Come with me and play with my boy. Gottfried has taken a great fancy to you, and as he has no brother or sister, we are going to have you for his brother; shall you like it?"

"Max looked eagerly at Alex, but Alex seemed to have understood that the gold he saw go into his father's pocket was to pay for taking Max, and the greedy boy had rather just then have the gold than the brother, so he did not look at Max as if he cared anything about his staying, neither did his father. Max thought for a moment of his mother in the little chalet under the mountain, and

of his sisters; but he knew there were already there more mouths than could be well fed, so he put down his horn, and went to the good captain and said, 'I am ready, sir.'

"So his father and Alex shook hands with him, and he went out and said good-by to the goats, and kissed his Alpine horn over and over again; and that was the last time the echoes ever repeated a 'Ranz des Vaches' from Max on this green Alp.

"The captain and Max could not talk much as they went down the mountain to the village where the travelers had put up for the night, but they managed to understand each other very well for all that; and when they came in sight of the hotel, there was Gottfried waiting for them, and he ran to meet them, with so many

expressions of delight that it seemed to Max as if he knew what every one of them meant. When they came to the hotel they found a man who acted as interpreter; that is, he changed the words Gottfried said into those Max knew, and those Max said into those Gottfried knew, so the two boys soon became acquainted, and learned to love each other directly. The truth was, the reason Gottfried's father had gone back for Max was because his son had taken such a fancy to him, and because he himself was so pleased with the simple, true, honest character which the affair of the money showed. His design was to take Max traveling with them while they were in Switzerland, then back with them when they returned to Germany, leaving him at home to

amuse and take care of Gottfried while he should be gone on his next voyage. Max's father had willingly consented, on the payment of a sum of money which he said Max would earn for him if he remained at home. To this the generous captain had added three or four extra gold pieces; so Max felt, that besides leaving the food and clothes which must have been provided for him if he had remained, his parents had received more money than they had ever owned before. Perhaps he was homesick; but if he was, it was more for the Alp and the waterfall and the herds than for any thing else, for now for the first time in his life he was always treated kindly. So he journeyed on with them, seeing many new sights and hearing many new

things, until they reached Gottfried's home, and then soon the captain left them and went to sea.

"He was gone a long time, and when he came back he found his boy had grown sick again; and when he saw how changed he was he knew God was going to call him home, and so he did. Before many weeks Max was the only child there was left to the captain, and when the time came for him to go to sea again he had become so much attached to the Alpine boy that he did not wish to leave him behind, and as Max was very anxious to go with him, he wrote to Max's father that he was going to make a sailor of him, and they sailed from Hamburg in a fine ship laden with all kinds of merchandise.

"There was one thing which Max

took with him; it seemed to be the only thing he really felt sorry to leave; that was the little pair of shoes he had taken off of Gottfried the last time he was dressed. The shoes he loved dearly, and he made a little niche for them on the shelf in the captain's cabin, so that they both saw them there all day long."

"'Are those Gottfried's shoes on the shelf now?' asked Alice, eagerly.

"'So our story says,' said her father, 'for this may be the very ship in which the captain was bringing over goods to an American port.'

"'Then where is Max?' asked Ernest.

"Max! O we will hope he was taken off by some fine new ship when this old one had sprung a leak, and

they found they could not save her; and perhaps he is sailing with his father this very moment in a brand new ship; but now, children, for the point of my story. What should those little shoes say to you every time you go into the cabin? I will tell you: 'Lying lips are an abomination to the Lord, but they that deal truly are his delight.' Come here, Sam!" Sam threw down his fish and came to his uncle. "Do you see this boy in my lap?"

" 'Yes, sir.' "

"Well, there is one thing I want you always to remember. You may play together just as long as you play honestly; but the first time I find you beginning to teach him to do anything that is not true, 'to make believe' as you call it, or to humbug, as I

call it, that is the last time I shall willingly leave you together. I want him above all things to grow up honest, and never to pretend to what is not so, however little the thing may be. Do you know it is the same in God's sight whether you say or do an untruth? Do you know that you cannot be Christian children unless you are spotless in God's eyes? Ah, Sam, you think it is a little matter now to deceive when you can; but your Saviour will not bless you; his hand never yet rested on the head of a child who was not of good report, and that you cannot be if others cannot trust you. My children, I want you all, now you are little children, to begin life by having a glass window over your hearts. Don't you know what I mean? Let me tell you. I mean,

ask God every morning and night that you may live and act so that you should not be afraid to have your father and mother, and all your little friends, look into your heart, and see and know everything that is going on there. One day, when you die and go to another world, everything will be known, and only think how much happier you will be then if you can meet God's eye as you always have your earthly parents, and say, 'Lord, thou hast searched me, and known me; thou understandest my ways afar off.' Ernest, my son, wear the glass window over your heart for your father's sake."

Now none of these children understood exactly what Captain Lee meant by the glass window; but I can tell

you what they did carry away with them: a feeling that it would be very wrong to deceive; and I think they thought that they would try in little, very little things to be true and simple, and purely honest.

They sat on the deck of the old ship until they heard a shell blown.

"That is for you," said their uncle to Sam and Eddie; "your mother blows two notes higher than your aunt. Now home with you, and a nice dinner to you. And there is ours; hark! don't you hear? it is not so long and loud. Mother hasn't any boys to call—O yes, she has, here is Ernest, and now he hears the bell which we ring on Nelson's Island. Mind it wherever you are, my boy, for mother always wants you when she plays that tune."

"It is Max's horn on the Alps," said Alice, "and that is the Ran de Vash. I don't think she could play twelve tunes for twelve silver dollars, do you, papa?"

"She always plays our Ranz des Vaches, though," said her father, "the home, sweet home, that we love best. And now we will go."

It was a very pleasant home they went to. Ernest was not nearly as homesick as he was in the morning; indeed after dinner, when Alice brought her trunk, so full of playthings, gifts from her father, I doubt whether Ernest would have gone back to the Asylum if he could, though he did remember Rachel, and picked out a little glass dog, which he thought would please her, from among the heap of pretty things which

Alice gave her; nor did he forget a wooden whistle for Christie, and the story of "Goody Two Shoes" for Faith.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE BOYS' RAFT.

FOUR weeks longer Captain Lee staid at home with his family. The days were now short and cold; the wind swept piteously over the island, and the children had to give up all out-of-door sports, and confine themselves mostly to the house. But the darkest day that came through the whole fall was the one when their father kissed them good-by, and with their Cousin John, who was to make his first voyage, got on board the Bonny Blue to go to the good ship Sea Bird, which, with her sails all set, was waiting for them in the offing. The whole family stood on

the wharf where Ernest had first landed, and watched the ship till the horizon seemed to have swallowed it up; then Ernest, wiping the tears from Alice's face, said:

"Don't cry, Ally; when I am a big man I'll sail the ship, and father shall stay at home."

"And I will go with you," said Alice, half sobbing; "and we will go where the oranges and the lemons grow, and I will always have my apron full of roses. Wont I?"

"Yes; and I will buy sugar and tea, and send some to Aunty May; and we will have some of those big, big grapes that father tells us about; and we will go up to the Alp and ask Alex where Max is; and then we will go and see him, and ask him to tell you more about Gottfried, and

about the storm when the ship was wrecked; who took him off, and where the long-boats are. Sam says there is a place for two."

"And what they had on board," broke in Alice; "and why they didn't leave us some of their nice things."

"O, the water would have spoiled them, I guess."

"They might have covered them all over with India-rubber cloth, like father's great coat, and then it would not."

This India-rubber cloth was a puzzle to Ernest. He thought he would ask Sam why he supposed they did not do so the very first time he saw him.

And so the children prattled as they went home, while their mother followed them with a very sad heart;

and their father, in the ship that was lost beyond the horizon, was looking back to the spot where he fancied they all were, feeling that, now he could no longer see them, he had already been separated from them for a great length of time.

Mrs. Lee was not a woman to waste time in useless regrets, or to make others unhappy because she felt sorrowful; so she began at once what she had been planning, a dayly school for the children. To this Sam and Eddy were admitted. The dining-room was fitted up for a school-room, and Alice, who had always been alone at her tasks before, now found herself very happy with her little school-fellows. It was literally "learning without tears;" for their teacher was wholly devoted to them, and she was

so good and kind, how could they help learning to please her. Even Sam, an obstinate, dull boy at his books, began to think it was quite worth while to get his lessons, and to feel a little sensation of shame when Ernest received the best mark day after day for the best lessons; he never thought what the reason was.

Let me tell you. Sam was always busy at his book studying when his aunt looked at him; but if she was busy, and did not notice him, then he amused himself the pleasantest way he could. Sometimes he would draw pictures on his slate, while Ernest was working at his sums; then, looking slyly, would copy the figures as quickly as he would. Once his aunt saw him doing it, and you

may be sure he received a severe reproof, and, what he minded more, he was always put into a seat by himself when he was at work on his arithmetic. It was curious, as well as painful, to see how many ways he tried to avoid doing what he should do, and yet to appear to do it. He would hold his spelling-book before him, as if he were intent on getting his lessons; but all the time, instead of reading over one word, he would be planning out some play; or he would have his map on the table, with a string of places to be looked out, and very likely be moving his finger over it; but he would not care to find whether Japan was an island, right next to Nelson's, or far away in the Caribbean Sea or in the Indian Ocean.

Now there are a great many idle children who go to school and never get their lessons. I wish Sam was the exception, but indeed he was not; the difference between him and other children was that he wanted to appear to study, and to have his aunt give him all the credit, which she would to a good scholar, while in truth he did just as he pleased, and was as idle as he had a mind to be. When he felt sorry and ashamed, it was a feeling which did not last long, for it was not deep. It came as much from not receiving credit for what he had not done, as for any true repentance.

Sometimes this trait brought him into very serious trouble; and once he came near not only losing his own life, but being the means of drowning Eddie too. We must tell our

readers the story, for it contains a serious moral.

Captain Lee, before he sailed, had fitted up the kitchen of the old ship with a stove. This he had arranged safely, so that there was no danger of fire; and here, on the children's holiday of Wednesday and Saturday afternoon, they were at liberty to have a fire, and amuse themselves the pleasantest way they could. One of their favorite occupations was sawing and fitting boards for a raft, which was to be put together and launched as soon as the spring came. On this Tom, the eldest of Uncle Seth's boys now at home, worked with them, and a very nice, workmanlike thing it promised to be. It was surprising how fast it grew, and how soon it was only waiting for a

few warm days to be taken out of the cabin, and to lie at full length on the sand.

At last the warm days came. Uncle Seth said he thought "the backbone of winter was broken, and there would be no more very cold weather." The ice that had clung to the sides of the ship melted and fell off, and great patches of sand, as white and almost as dry as they were in summer, began to be dotted down here and there on the beach.

When a week of such weather made the boys feel that spring was in truth near, Tom yielded reluctantly to the noisy wishes of the younger children; and such a jubilee as they had as they took the pieces of the raft out, and carried them to the sunniest, dryest spot on the shore.

Ernest had learned now to run up and down the rope ladder as quickly as any one. He was active and obliging, and a great favorite with them all. Tom said "he was worth the other three, put them all together;" at which Alice pouted, but said "she did not care; she was glad she was not a boy."

In this moving out Ernest did double work; he was in the ship and out again with his arms full, while Sam, with a great show of activity, was bustling noisily about, and very uselessly trying to arrange the planks as they came, at the same time ordering the others as much as he dared. Tom was in the ship, handing up the boards from the hold, and it was some time before he noticed into whose hands he put most.

When he did he called out, "Where's Sam?"

"Building the raft and ordering us," said Alice, who had been in vain trying to make Sam do his part.

Tom sprang up the hatchway, and in a moment Sam felt a tight hold on his collar.

"You lazy fellow!" and the push Tom gave him was none too good-natured. "Make others do the work, and you do the play. Go up there and bring down with the rest of them, or you shall never put foot on the raft so long as my name is Tom."

"I have been," said Sam, sulkily.

"Yes; great work you have done! Ernest is worth ten of you. Look there, now; he's getting a beam down that is twice as long as he is. Stop

your shamming and take hold, or go home."

"I'll do as I have a mind to."

"No you wont; you'll do as I say. I'm captain when I'm around, and if anybody rebels he had better look out. We don't have mutiny on board ship; if we do we have irons, or the rope's end from the yard-arm."

Now Tom was almost fourteen years old, so he felt more consequential than if he had been forty, and was very often rather unfair with the children, though in the main he was a good-natured, pleasant, mischief-loving boy. Sam knew that he must mind him, and with a sour face began to go slowly to work.

"Hurry up there!" said Tom, shaking the ladder rather inconveniently from the bottom, "and don't let the

grass grow under your feet; for if we can't get her together so she holds pretty tight this afternoon, we shall have to take her apart and carry her back, that is all. Now, fire up! we must run the train two-forty if we want to get in."

This was the most conclusive argument, for Sam had already his own designs in wishing to get the raft together as quickly as possible. He could work when he pleased, and very soon Tom said the kitchen was empty, and nothing remained but to build the raft. Every separate part had been put together so many times, that it almost seemed to the boys as if they knew their own places, and went into them of their own accord. It was but a little while before a very nice looking raft lay stretched out on

the sand, and though not all done, it bore shaking and pushing very well.

Sam was very anxious to have it launched at once; but Tom said, though it was strong and so well framed he had no doubt it would go safely to Gibraltar, he was captain, and no one would catch him taking his ship to sea until it was ship-shape. Still he put in the mast, and pushed it down a little nearer to the water; indeed, so near that a wave, a little more venturesome than the rest, came up and wet the front of it, at which the children cheered most lustily. "It had had its first mouthful," they said, "of its sea-drink." It was a very proud and happy time to them, this warm February afternoon, and quite satisfied with looking at the result of their many hours of work, they for-

got how much yet remained to be done, and the younger ones played upon it, fancying they were going to all parts of the world, while the ocean sang to them, and told them, in its never-changing tone, many stories of what they were going to see.

Sam then and there made a plan which, as soon as he thought of it, seemed to him so very delightful that he was almost afraid some one would find it out, and he began on the instant to act as if he had never dreamed of any such thing. Does it not almost seem as if there were some children whom God had given up to their "own wicked devices," as it says in the Bible, "to believe a lie?" If there are, I can tell you who the children are; they are those, like Sam, who are always planning to do

just what they wish, and yet at the same time try to seem to others to be doing just what they should. The kind of children whom Captain Lee calls "little humbugs," not a pleasant name. I hope there is none of my young readers who can feel for a moment that it can by any possibility belong to him. No sooner had this wish taken full possession of Sam's heart, than, as we have said, he wondered if the raft was safe so near the sea; if it would not be better to move it back some feet and padlock it to the old elbow which had been lately washed up, the memento of a new wreck; indeed every winter brought too many of these relics, and even the good, well-kept light-house gave its warnings in vain. Tom thought these hints were rather im-

plying that he could not take care of his ship, so he pushed the raft nearer the water, and enjoyed highly seeing the waves break partly over it.

"She must be seasoned," he said, "and as they were used to the water it would not hurt any of them."

This was exactly what Sam wished, and he made another stroke equally successful. Pretending to doubt a great many points about the sail, he got Tom to explain to him just how it worked, and declaring he was a sailor before the mast, he put himself under Tom's command in a wonderfully obedient way. Tom was completely deceived, and rather sorry he had been so rough with Sam about the work; therefore, with the good feeling so natural to him, he taught him how to manage the raft

as well as he could while it stood on dry land; and Sam said he was the most knowing captain he ever saw, and he would sail under him the very first live ship he commanded.

Ernest had been learning too; and when at last the setting sun began to light up the white caps with its colored lights, and the blue horizon to seem to come nearer and nearer to them, and the moaning of the water to grow louder and deeper; when they could no longer count the sea gulls as they came sweeping down for their evening dip into the water, then both Ernest and Sam felt very sailor like, and as if they were quite fitted to take a small craft and sail round the world. Standing there to-night on this new raft in the deepening twilight, they both imagined they

started on a long, beautiful voyage. It was full of dancing waves, sea birds, and sea glories; and for the distant port, neither of them thought of that yet.

CHAPTER IX.

DISOBEDIENCE PUNISHED.

SAM could hardly go to sleep that night, he had so many plans to make; and when he did, it was to dream of sailing on—on—on—over the ocean with sails flying, and Alice sitting beside him making a flag with which they were to come into port. I do not think Sam prayed that night when he went to bed. If he kneeled down at all it was because Eddie did, and he thought he would notice any omission on his part; but I am sure he did not ask God to “deliver him from temptation, and to keep him from evil” in such a way that God would hear and answer.

The first thing he thought of when

he waked the next morning was the day; how beautiful it was; the sun shone in so bright and warm on his bed, and from under his little window-shade he could catch a view of the clear blue sky. O, if there were no school to-day, or if Eddie was sick, only a little; even then Sam did not wish him to suffer, but if he was only sick enough to be kept at home, and he left to the whole day in which he could do as he pleased. He almost hoped, as he saw his little brother opening his eyes, that he would shut them again and say he was sick and did not want to get up then; but no, Eddie loved the blue sky and the sunlight even better than he did, and sprang up to enjoy them, full of ruddy health. He must wait, then, for another time; but there might come a

storm, or a hundred things might happen to prevent; how hard it was! What was hard? Sam never stopped to ask himself. If he had, even then, he must have been frightened at the answer he would have received. At the breakfast table his father told Tom he wanted him to go with him to N. for some things needed in the family, and as there was a great deal to be done, they would take the boat and start as soon as breakfast was over. Sam looked up eagerly for a moment. Tom saw the look, but did not understand it. He thought it meant that Sam wanted to go with them, so he said,

“No, sir-ee; your business is at school; when you know how to do a sum in the rule of three you may go, but not before.”

"You are not my father," said Sam testily.

"Thank your stars that I am not. You would catch it somewhat oftener than you do now if I were."

"Well, I don't see what you want to be so cross for. I didn't ask to take your place."

"Nor I either," said Tom, laughing good-naturedly; "but somehow I never see you look up in that way without thinking there is some kind of mischief brewing that will come out sooner or later."

"My eyes are my own."

"Yes, sir; only look out that you use them right, with which bit of good advice I bid you good-morning," and Tom touched his cap with a great deal of mock politeness and went out.

Sam stood at the door and watched him until he was out of sight. Now was clearly his time. How should he win Eddie over to secrecy and disobedience. He began at once by being very good-natured to him. He lent him some of his best plays, with which he was generally very selfish, and told him some interesting stories about the "splendid ocean."

School hour came, and Sam, who was accustomed sometimes to stay at his aunt's at noon instead of coming home, asked for his dinner, and persuaded Eddie to stay with him. It was all right; his mother knew they were safe there, and was always willing; so with his satchel full of books and his tin pail of dinner, the boys started quite early. Was it some feeling of repentant misgiving that

made Sam go back and kiss his mother after he had once shut the door? I know not, but his mother remembered it with peculiar pain afterward.

"Let us go round by the beach, Eddie," he said after they had gone a few steps; "it is so warm, and I just want to see if the raft is all safe and sound."

"Mother don't want us to," said Eddie. "Don't you know she said we always get to playing and were late to school?"

"Poh, nonsense; that is only when it has been cold enough to freeze our noses and our toeses; she wont care a copper such a day as this."

"I'll run back and ask her."

"Bother your asking; she don't want to be plagued about every such

little gimcrack. You can do as you have a mind to, but I am going."

"That aint the way," said Eddie, stopping as he saw Sam keeping on the usual path.

"Don't you suppose I know? I'm going to turn off below the barn."

"It's longer ever so much; John says so."

"Well, what if it is. I want to see if this warm weather hasn't brought back the robin red breasts, to build their nests again down on the little apple-tree."

"What one?" said Eddie, following.

"Never you mind; come, and I'll show you."

Now Sam's real motive for going this way had nothing to do with the robin or the nest; he knew perfectly

well that it was much too early for the birds to come, but he thought if his mother should happen to be looking from the window and see them she would never think, if they started this way, that they had any idea of going to the ocean, so they would be quite safe. He was troubled all the way to the beach to know whether he had better tell Eddie his intentions as he went, or trust to the excitement of the time to make him do as he wished to have him. He did not dare to send him to school without him for fear his aunt would immediately look him up; and besides, he would be company to him if he could keep him with him. He did not, however, like to be very plain, though the nearer he came to the water the more he hinted his wishes.

The ocean this morning would have been a tempting thing to others than these little sea-born boys. It looked so still, so blue, so broad, and with the horizon so white and cloud tinted to sail out and reach. The children stopped in admiration as they saw it. It had not been so enticing before since the last summer.

"I wish father had let me gone too," said Eddie, half crying; "I am so little I shouldn't take up much room, or I could have sat on a box."

"Tom gets all the sails, while we have to go to school," replied Sam. "It aint fair a bit, and I wont stand it much longer any how. I am a big boy, and I guess I can manage a boat as well as anybody. Halloo! there is the raft safe and sound. Look at her; aint she nice? She is the lightest

built little clipper I ever saw any how."

"Halloo!" shouted Eddie in answer, and down the boys ran and jumped upon the raft.

"Let us shove her along, and make her dance up and down on the water as if she was at sea," said Sam. "You push away on that end, and I will on this; but we wont untie her, so she will be all safe."

Eddie did as he was told, and small as both the boys were, through their eagerness they succeeded in pushing so far out that one wave a little larger than the other lifted her up and set her quite afloat. As yet the rope round the rib of the ship held her tight, and it was rare sport to the boys to find themselves on the water riding backward and forward with-

out any danger, or any one to interrupt them.

School hours came and went, but they never remembered it, or thought of those who were looking out for them every moment and wondering why they did not come. The raft rocked so pleasantly, and the day was so very cheerful, what had they to do within doors?

For a short time Sam was perfectly satisfied, and he might have been content to float there all day but for one thing, which I wish my young readers to notice particularly. When any one willingly indulges in a wrong thought, or wish, or plan, it almost seems as if it wore for itself a rut in the heart, and the very moment the wheels of thought are set in motion they roll right back into it. Do you

understand what I mean? It is this: Sam had indulged in making plans about taking the raft and going away for a long sail; and now, when he was enjoying a more innocent pleasure, he could not help thinking about that and wishing he were at sea. Perhaps I should have said before that both of the boys had been expressly forbidden to go out on the water without having an older person with them. Sam had several times got into a boat and pushed it a little distance by himself, but he had always been severely punished. This was only one part of the disobedience: he had played truant when he first began to go to school, and had been punished for that also. He knew perfectly well that if detected now he should not be forgiven; but

his mother, he thought, would suppose he had gone to school, and he intended to go in the afternoon, and tell his aunt that his father and Tom had gone to N., so that he had been obliged to stay at home and do some work. This was his plan. The only trouble he expected was what might be made by Eddie, who was an honest, truth-loving little boy, and he hoped, by threats and coaxing, to keep him quiet.

• Once on the raft, as we have said, Eddie soon forgot everything else; and when Sam said, "you sit still here, and I will jump ashore and take off the rope," nothing seemed to him more natural and pleasant.

Sam was brave, and he could see the sand through the water even on that part of the raft which was far-

thrust in, so he rolled up his pants and jumped off without any hesitation. How cold the water felt, and how wet his feet would be; but what good does it do to think of such things after the mischief is done?

It was quite an effort for Sam to remove the rope, for Tom had tied it very fast. Probably under any other circumstances he would have thought it quite impossible; but now he tugged and pulled until it came off. Sam felt very much like the master of a vessel when he found how easily he could control the raft by the rope fastened through a rudder which John had made for it, quite in boat style. He sprang on board, too, quite skillfully for such a child, and pushed the raft off with the long pole which was fastened to the side. There they

were fairly on the sea. Eddie clapped his hands in perfect delight as he found they were leaving the shore, and Sam felt a joyousness he had never known before.

On they went; no cradle ever swung to the softest touch of a mother's foot with gentler, more soothing motion. They did not need sail or oar; the restless waves bore them further and further from the shore, and, like many other young mariners on another ocean, they gave themselves up to their present enjoyment, nor had one thought of their future.

"I'll put up the sail, and we will go over to Egg Island and get some plover's eggs," said Sam, growing bolder as he felt more at home.

"Splendid," said Eddie, again clapping his little hands.

"You get out of the way, so I needn't knock you over when I let it out. Tom only stuck it up, you know, and he said it would not work just right; but I guess I am man enough for it any day. So he said the raft was only stuck together," and Sam for the first time looked back with a slight uneasiness to the shore; "and see how she goes. Uncle William's ship aint a whit better."

The sail was not large, and was lightly braced against the pole before it left the hold of the old ship; but as the raft was only partially nailed its position was not secure, and therefore the children's danger was very much increased; but it caught the wind as soon as Sam let it fly, and the boys found themselves going much more rapidly out to sea.

They had been to Egg Island, three miles distant, many times with their friends, and were quite familiar with it; nor had Sam the least idea but that he could reach it as quickly and as safely as when his uncle's hand guided the helm.

As they went further out of the little harbor the waves became higher, and the raft tossed more, but so much greater the fun. If any one had been down on the beach that fine morning they might have heard the boys' gleeful laugh as it was borne out on the morning breeze.

"There is Egg Island," said Sam, pointing to a low, narrow strip of land; "now for it." But though he pulled away manfully at the sail, it seemed as if the wind laughed at him, tossing back the canvass when

he had succeeded in moving it a little to its former place.

"I can't move it," he said; "take hold, Eddie, and pull hard."

Eddie's little hands made about as much impression as a baby's.

"Pull, I tell you!" said Sam sharply.

"I do," said Eddie.

"Now, both together;" but still the white sail shook itself a little in their faces, and on they went, past the island, past the lighthouse point, away whither?

It was not until Sam found that their united efforts did no manner of good that he began to have any real fear, and then he had sense enough not to show it to Eddie, but said, quite boldly,

"We shall stop when we get there, shan't we, Eddie?"

"Get where?" asked Eddie, a little ruefully; "aint it most school time?"

"Shouldn't wonder; but Aunt Ellen will think mother has kept us at home, and so we must tell her. Mind, now; if you don't you shall never sail with me on this raft again as long as you live."

"When are we going back?" asked Eddie evasively.

"Pretty soon. I wonder when it will turn round," and Sam looked at the sail as if he thought it would speak and tell him. The sail, however, had but one language to-day. It was, "Out to sea; out to sea."

Fortunately, neither of the children saw or felt their danger for some time; it would have done no good, and they were to suffer enough. Ed

die was the first to perceive their peril.

"I can't see the shore," he cried, looking on all sides of the raft.

"No, but you will soon. I guess we are turning around now, don't you?"

"No, we are going right into the sky, and I want to go home; I have been here long enough."

"I don't believe but we are going back. Look out sharp, and see if you don't see the ship soon."

"I can't see anything but water, water, water," said Eddie, standing up and straining his eyes.

"Look sharp!"

"I do look sharp. O, Sam, I want to go home."

"Well, set down and don't fuss; we shall get there soon, you see if we don't;" and very likely, as they were

now beyond any landmarks that they knew, Sam was honest when he said so. Even at this distance from shore the waves were not rough, only they were so much larger than the boys had been accustomed to in their harbor navigation that they seemed very mighty to them, and Sam began to have some fears as to the ability of the raft to go much further without breaking up. He recalled all that Tom had said about it, and rejoiced now over every nail which he himself had driven in.

They had been at sea two hours before Eddie began to cry, and that, considering the circumstances, was a very long time indeed; but when once his courage gave way it all left him, and his screams made Sam feel very uncomfortable. Did he wish

he could undo all this and put his little brother safely back on shore again? Very likely he did, but of what use was this repentance now? On, on they went, and Sam by this time began to feel pretty sure that they were not going in the direction of home. The waves that were bearing this raft along are just like the waves in life that carry us all on. If we start out with our sails set and the wind in the wrong direction we must go. Repentance will not always help us any more than it did Sam now, it so often comes too late. How much better it is, then, not to do anything that has need of repentance.

Sam kept up as long as he could, longer than most boys would; but when the fears and doubts came they were very grievous to bear. He

would not cry; it was hard to hear Eddie's, who never stopped. He would not even say he was afraid, but his heart seemed to be laden with lead, and even in this sea-breeze he could hardly breathe. At last he thought of praying, and, kneeling down in the middle of the raft, he folded his hands and repeated "Now I lay me down to sleep." He did not ask God to forgive him for having been a wicked, disobedient boy; he did not even ask him to make him a better boy for the future; but he said this simple prayer that his mother had taught him, and then he thought of the boats which he had seen so often when he had been looking from the island, and for the first time for an hour hope began to come back to him. Not that he

had previously had any very definite idea of being drowned, but he was frightened, and wished he was at home again.

Eddie had cried until he could cry no longer, and now, with his knees tight clasped with his hands, he was sitting quite still in the middle of the raft. Sam was on the front, looking eagerly round for a boat. It was midday, and so warm and bright that it took away a great deal of the discomfort which must otherwise have come to them; indeed, if they had been good sailors, and they had come out with their mother's leave, nothing could have been more enjoyable. No boat was to be seen, and still on they went further and further from land, just where the breeze, which seemed to be freshening, chose

to carry them. Sam never could tell what they were doing, nor how he felt, when he heard a voice calling out to him,

“Boat ahoy!”

He was too terrified to answer, for though this was what he had been looking and longing for, the wide waste of waters was so still that it frightened him when it came.

“Boat ahoy, there?” he heard again, and at the same moment he saw right before him a boat with two persons in it. Would they go by without coming to him? what would he do to make them come? He tried to shout, but his voice sounded so faint, and trembled so much, no one could have heard him, and still every now and then came the call to them in the same words, “Boat

ahoy!" and the boat bore down directly upon them. As soon as it was near enough to see them distinctly Tom called out,

"Father, I do believe Sam has stolen the raft, put the sail up, and got way out here. Yes, as true as can be, there he is," and he turned very pale as he became sure that it was so.

It will not be necessary to go through all that followed. Tom and his father were on their way back from N., and had come in the direction of the boat; thus, in all probability, saving the lives of both the children. They were taken into the boat and carried back to Nelson Island. It was just dinner-time when they once more reached home, and the scene which took place then we would not like to describe. Sam was not

allowed to go out of the house again for a whole week; and as he was mostly shut up in his room alone, he had ample time to repent and make many plans for amendment, but how sincere and hearty they were we shall have an opportunity to see as our story goes on. Certainly it did not speak well for him then, that whenever he heard his mother's steps coming near the door he hid away the boat he was whittling out of a block of wood, and took up his Bible or his child's hymn book.

CHAPTER X.

NO HUMBUG.

THIS story, with all its details, was repeated by Tom at his aunt's house, and made a very great impression on Ernest. He had himself made many pleasant plans of taking the raft and Alice, and going out to meet their father when it should be time for him to return, but he had no idea of doing so without leave; indeed, Ernest was not one of the kind of boys who can enjoy a thing of which they think those they love would not approve. Ernest was beginning to get a very vivid idea of what a humbug is, and to dread anything which would take him into the class to whom the name is applied. His mother was so

kind and so wisely indulgent that neither he nor Alice ever felt that anything was half enjoyed unless she enjoyed it with them, and they would no more have thought of deceiving her than they would of deceiving each other. This was a great safeguard to them, and kept them from many of those petty meannesses and cheats of which other children are guilty. Mrs. Lee, I have said, was wisely indulgent. By this I do not mean that she allowed them to do whatever they wished, and fed them on candy, pies, and cakes. Far from it; all I mean is, that she never said no when it was not necessary for their good. She did not hesitate to take some trouble in order to secure their happiness, and she made their well-being the one great object of her life.

The escape of Sam and Eddie she turned to a very wise purpose. She pointed out every wrong thing in it, beginning with the first foolish wish in Sam's heart, and remarking his duplicity in taking the path which would deceive his mother should she happen to be watching them.

The first time after the disobedience that Sam made his appearance at his aunt's was on the following Sabbath, at a small Sabbath-school which she held purposely for the children on the island. There was no church here; indeed, so few inhabitants could not well support a minister; but occasionally Captain Lee would bring one out from N. to spend the Sabbath with and preach to them. And then again on a fine Sunday he would fill the "Bonnie

Blue " with as many passengers as it could hold, and sail over to N. to church. Indeed, his wife and himself were members of a Church there, and they considered it a duty and a privilege to go when they could. This, however, did not interfere with the Sabbath-school at home. There were a few fishermen's families who resided on the island, so that, altogether, they made a Sabbath-school of twelve children, and Mrs. Lee was superintendent, teacher and all in one. The school was held in Mrs. Lee's pleasant dining-room, and the children thought it the most cheerful room, and this hour the pleasantest hour in all the week. Sam, bad boy as he sometimes was, could not bear now to lose it. It is strange, but if his parents had kept him at home it

would have been the severest punishment they had inflicted on him during the week.

Mrs. Lee expected him, and had prepared the lessons with reference to him ; that is, she had chosen verses which spoke of this humbugging, this want of a pure, simple, honest, upright character as a sin in God's eyes. I must quote a few of them here for such of my young readers as are conscious in their heart of hearts that this sin is one of which they are not innocent. Mrs. Lee's habit was to read the verses one by one, after she had the lesson recited which she had given out on the previous Sunday, so now, after having sung and offered a prayer, in which she did not forget to ask God's forgiveness for the erring boy, she read

these verses: "Let no man deceive himself." "Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." "When thou prayest, thou shalt not be as the hypocrites are: for they love to pray standing in the synagogues and in the corners of the streets, that they may be seen of men." "When ye fast be not as the hypocrites, of a sad countenance, for they disfigure their faces, that they may appear unto man to fast." "All their works they do to be seen of men; they make broad their phylacteries, and enlarge the borders of their garments." "It is naught, it is naught, saith the buyer: but when he is gone his way then he boasteth." "Their habitation is in the midst of deceit; through deceit they refuse to know me, saith the Lord."

There were many other verses, all bearing on the same subject; but the time for dismissal was long since past, and with a brief explanation Mrs. Lee dismissed them. Sam, however, did not go. Was he waiting to be forgiven? what was he waiting for? His aunt held her hand out kindly to him and said,

“I am very much grieved to hear such accounts of you.”

Sam put his head down on her hand, and she felt tears on it. Was he touched and really repentant? Had God waited for the child in his Sabbath-school and blessed to him these words there? We shall see. He certainly felt more truly grieved now than he had ever done before, and that night, when Ernest and Alice were singing with their mother their

sweet Sabbath hymns, he joined with an interest he had never shown before, and out from this school to-day went with all the children an influence which they will feel for life. And it was all the more impressive because the boys, Sam and Eddie, were sitting there with them when they knew the ocean might have hidden them from their sight forever.

The raft was attached to the boat and brought back to its old mooring on the day when the children were taken up at sea; and it was expressive of the amount of confidence which was felt in Sam, that an iron chain was securely attached to it, and padlocked to the keel of the old ship, so that it could not be removed. The boys, too, worked upon it very busily and finished it thoroughly, so that

Sam's father said, as he examined it, he thought it would pass muster almost anywhere for a good thing if the boys did make it; but he proposed, as an additional safeguard, that they should put a railing of rope around it, by which the younger children might hold as it was paddled near shore. The boys were very proud of it when it was done, and looked forward longingly to the spring and summer days when they could enjoy it as much as they wished. And very soon spring did come, and a long vacation in school followed, so they were at liberty to play as much as they pleased, and you may be sure the ship and the raft came in for their full share of the fun. It seemed as if the ocean had been gathering up its treasures; and now when the earth,

which had been frozen and dead, came to life, and brought forth green grass and flowers, so the ocean heaved up from its hidden storehouses such beautiful shells, such delicate sea-mosses, such rounded and smooth pebbles, and so many curious little fish, which almost darted on shore, as if they wanted to show what strange inhabitants there were in the sunny depths into which the children might not look. Ernest was so happy and full of new wonders in these days that he did not think of Aunty May and the children he had left at the Asylum, or of his father, for whom he had most sincerely grieved the first few weeks after he left. His mother was so good and kind, and Alice such a dear little sister, he would have been a strange boy indeed if he had

had time or heart for much repining. It was when the spring had passed on into summer, and the days were so long that there hardly seemed to him to be any night, (I don't know why there should; he went to sleep while it was yet light, and woke up after the sun had risen,) that a small cottage, which he had heard was occupied by a family from Boston during the summer, began to show signs of life. A woman, whom Mrs. Lee called "Nancy Jones, the housekeeper," was brought over in a strange boat, and she went into the house, opened the window blinds and windows, and called to the children when she saw them passing to come in and see her. They all went, and she had some nice things which she had brought purposely for them; but

what she wanted to see them most for, was to tell them that Mrs. Tilton, the lady with whom she lived, had adopted a little girl for her own child, and was going to bring her down there to spend the summer. Nancy said that the child was a beauty, and was as good as she was pretty; that everybody set store by her; and as for her master and mistress, if she were twice their own child she did not think they would love her one whit the better. She wanted these children to be very kind to her, and to come and play with her, and try to make her as happy as they could.

The children all promised that they would; and then they had their long story to tell about Ernest, how he was adopted too, and how they all loved him; and Alice stoutly affirmed

that he was her own brother, and Ernest said he knew he was too.

Now nothing could equal the wondering surmises with which the children filled each day previous to the new arrival. Anything new delights a child; but these little folks were so separated from others, so on a sort of Robinson Crusoe Island, that they were doubly expectant, and full of anticipations. The longest part of the summer was the week after Nancy Jones's arrival, before the same boat brought over Mr. and Mrs. Tilton and the little girl. When they came Mrs. Lee kept the children away, and so it was not until the day after their arrival that they met. You may judge of the amazement both felt when Rachel saw Ernest, and Ernest saw Rachel! For a moment neither of

them spoke, and when they did, it was with a shyness almost as great as if they had never seen one another before. Nancy Jones had taken Rachel out to make her acquainted with the new playmates, and when she saw these two had met she was full of wonder, and none the less so when Rachel whispered to her that Ernest was the very boy she had cried so often to see, and that she loved him better than she did anybody in the world but her new papa and mamma. It was indeed a singular Providence that brought these children together after a separation which in most cases would have been final; but here they were, and their life together will form the subject of the next book of this series.

In closing this volume, we have a

few words which we wish to whisper to our young readers. I do not doubt you are interested in these little orphans, Aunty May's children; but what they do and say is, after all, but a small part of the real good which the books are to do you. If you shut these covers, and remember only what children call the *interesting* parts, I shall have written in vain. What I want you to carry away from the perusal, what is the only thing of any true importance, is this: Children, don't be humbugs; don't try to deceive, to appear any better than you really are; don't do a thing to make others think you are pure and of good report, while you put it on to make believe, and carry out your own purposes in your own way. I once knew a little girl strike another

in temper, and when her mother came to punish her for it she laughed, and said she only "did it in play." That little girl was a humbug. I knew a boy who when he had done wrong, and his mother took him to chastise him, would ask her to pray with him first; not that he cared to have God forgive him, but that he thought if he seemed very repentant and good his mother would forgive him. That boy was a humbug. I have seen children slyly take something nice to eat, put it in their pockets, and when their mothers were looking at them keep their mouths still, as if they were not eating. They were humbugs. I have known children at school play under cover of the open books which they held before them, spend their time drawing

pictures on their slates, and then copy their sums from their more faithful neighbor. This was all humbug. I need not tell you any more instances; look into your hearts and answer for yourselves. Is there anything of the humbug about you? If there is, remember, God is never deceived. Let me beg you all to learn the hundred and thirty-ninth Psalm. Hear how it begins:

“O Lord, thou hast searched me, and known me. Thou knowest my downsitting and mine uprising; thou understandest my thought afar off. Thou compassest my path and my lying down, and art acquainted with all my ways. For there is not a word in my tongue, but, lo, O Lord, thou knowest it altogether.”

The great God it is who knows us

in this way. Children, remember it. You cannot deceive him.

Those of my readers who feel interested enough in this book to follow me into another will hear more of Rachel in connection with these children whose life they have been following, and of Captain Lee, who returns soon after the summer is past; of the old wreck; of the raft, and of Sam's efforts to become an honest, true-hearted boy; but most of all they will hear how Rachel, in the efforts she made to rule a high and hasty temper, illustrated this text. You will find it in Proverbs xxv, 28. "He that hath no rule over his own spirit is like a city that is broken down, and without walls."

BOOKS FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

200 Mulberry-street, New York.

WHAT NORMAN SAW

In the West. By the Author of "Four Days in July," and "A Winter at Woodlawn." Eight Illustrations. 18mo.

HENRY'S FIRESIDE,

With Peeps at his Grandpa's Farm. By the Author of "Little Ella." Two Illustrations. 18mo.

THE ARBOR;

Or, Sequel to Voices from the Old Elm. By Rev. H. P. ANDREWS, Author of "Six Steps to Honor." Five Illustrations. 18mo.

THE YOUNG PILGRIM;

A Story illustrative of "The Pilgrim's Progress." By the Author of "The Giant-Killer; or, the Battle which all must Fight," "Roby Family," etc. Four Illustrations. 18mo.

FACTS ABOUT BOYS,

For Boys. Being a Selection of interesting and instructive Anecdotes of Boys. By Rev. RICHARD DONKERSLEY. Five Illustrations. 18mo.

STORIES IN VERSE

For Children. By the Author of "Little Ella." Three Illustrations. 18mo.

HANNAH LEE;

Or, Rest for the Weary. By the Author of "Matty Gregg," "Margaret Craven," etc. Five Illustrations. 18mo.

MILES LAWSON;

Or, the Family at the Yews. Three Illustrations 18mo.

BOOKS FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

200 Mulberry-street, New York.

NELLIE MORRIS

And her Cousin. A Story for Girls. Four Illustrations. 18mo.

STORY OF A SCRIPTURE TEXT;

Or, What four little Girls did with a Text about Pleasant Words. Three Illustrations. 18mo.

THE NAUGHTY GIRL WON;

Or, the Story of Kitty Willis and her Friend, Lucy Burn. Three Illustrations. 18mo.

HELPFUL SUSAN:

The Story of a Girl who made herself Useful. By Mrs. C. M. EDWARDS. Four Illustrations. 18mo.

SAMMY SEYMOUR,

The Drunkard's Boy. A Story for Boys. By Mrs. C. M. EDWARDS. Three Illustrations. 18mo.

MY BROTHER BEN.

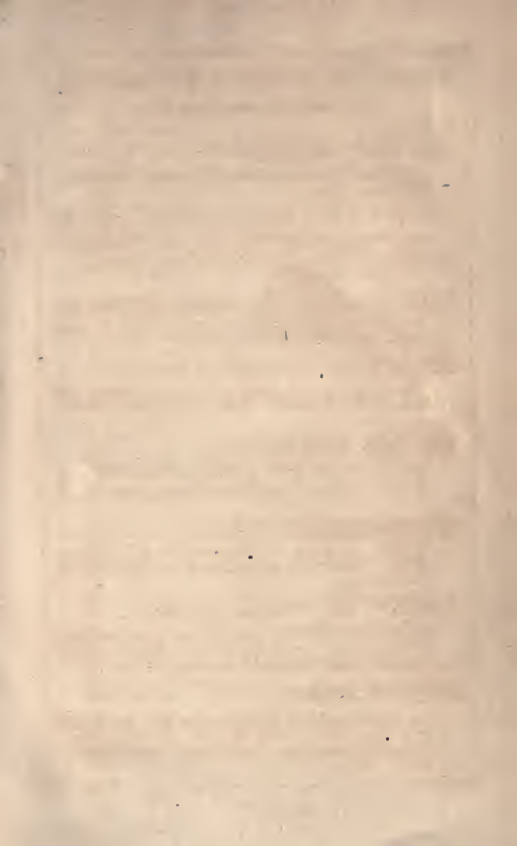
A Story for Boys. By the Author of "Mackerel Will," "Harry the Sailor Boy," etc., etc. Three Illustrations.

JENNY the Crochet-Worker;

Or, the Path of Truth. By the late SARAH M. FRY, Author of the "Lost Key," "Young Hop-Pickers," etc., etc. Three Illustrations. 18mo.

GRACE KING;

Or, Recollections of Events in the Life and Death of a Pious Youth: with Extracts from her Diary. Published for the benefit of Youth. Three Illustrations. 18mo.



This book is DUE on the last
date stamped below

PZ7 Ernest.

A1E71

NAL LIBRARY FACILITY



75 485 9

PZ7
A1E71

